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THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

II.

SAVAII is the northernmost island of the Samoan group, and the largest, but its rock-bound coast has no good harbors, and travelers usually see no more of it than is visible from the beautiful Apolima. The two other islands are Tutuila and Upolu, an

culties to contend against; but if they were safe from molestation, and their possessions absolutely secured to them, their commerce would extend rapidly, and in a short time their exports would surprise the world.

Mr. Whetham, who is English to the

point of inquiring, wherever I happened to be, the sentiments of the natives regarding England, the United States, and other countries. In the Sandwich Islands the people invariably declare that they belong to Queen Victoria. In Samoa and other islands, Be-



SOUTH SEA ISLAND SCENE.

account of which was given in the previous paper.

It only requires the energy and enterprise of a white population, says a recent visitor, to make these islands a source of profit to their cultivators and the world at large. The land has every element of fertility, and will produce abundant crops of maize, coffee, sugar, and cotton. Large tracts of uncared-for territory demand nothing but attention and capital to insure a prodigious return for any settler's outlay.

At present, the whites have many diffi-

backbone, thinks that the establishment of a protectorate is very desirable, and says, with much complacency: "It is amusing to hear Americans talk and to read newspaper articles about Polynesian love for the United States. The former really believe that the natives of the different islands long for nothing so much as for annexation. It is true that when the United States commissioner visited the Samoan Islands the chiefs said they would like a protectorate under America, but only if they could not hope for annexation to England. . . . I always made a

vetanee (Britain) was always first in their affections, then America, and France last."

Between Samoa and the New Hebrides are the Feejee Islands, which acquire a fresh interest from their recent annexation to Great Britain. To form a general idea of this archipelago, it is only necessary to regard the islands as the remaining elevated portions of a submerged continent, with a present superficial area of about four thousand square miles. Ages ago this continent gradually sank into the sea, and it has been estimated that where the subsidence was last it could

not have been less than two or three thousand feet.

Out of the two hundred islands in the group, only about sixty are inhabited, and of these only twelve are of importance. The whole population is estimated at one hundred and forty thousand. Within the sea or barrier reef which surrounds the whole archipelago are countless shoals, sand-banks, knolls of rock, and every conceivable impediment to navigation.

The two largest islands are Vanua Levu and Viti Levu. The latter measures about a hundred miles in length from east to west, and about sixty from north to south. The capital of the group is Levuka, which is situated on the east coast of the small island of Ovalau.

The approaches to this harbor have all the characteristics of tropical scenery that we have described in writing of Samoa. Red cliffs, rising out of the coasts of white sand, are backed by mountains two or three thousand feet high. A border of mangrove-bushes fringes the shore where streams empty themselves into the sea. But the ruggedness of volcanic action can also be seen in fantastic rocks, vividly colored, which thrust themselves out of the dense maze of foliage. In the mist-crowned mountains in the background still lurk the cannibal tribes, which have resisted all attempts at civilization, and are still a terror to the white settlers living near the coast.

Levuka is quite a large and flourishing place. Pleasant, shady houses, with pretty gardens and lawns, are dotted about the hills, and among the other notable buildings is an hotel, from which the traveler obtains a good view of the town and harbor. Standing near one of the jetties are groups of cotton-laborers waiting for the schooner that is to take them back to their own islands. Yonder lies a British man-of-war, and crowding about the bay are numerous vessels of all descriptions—from the large German trader down to the little coasting-canoe. An island brigantine is sailing merrily through the reef-entrance, inward-bound, and another is trying to beat out.

Perhaps you notice that the natives sniff as they pass each other, and you begin to think that a cold in the head is epidemic, but a slight contraction of the nostrils is the Feejeean way of saying "Good-by" or "How do you do?" Along the beach-road long streams of natives are passing, clothed in innocence and banana-leaves.

The picturesque girls are adorned simply by their own beauty, light-yellow girdles, and white-shell bracelets. Their laughter is as sweet as the murmur of the south-wind among the palms. The men are fine, broad-shouldered, narrow-flanked fellows, with the simplicity of children, and they, too, are singing and laughing. Mingling with them are English and American sailors, browned to the shade of mahogany, and uncomfortably warm under the intensely hot sun.

That dandy young fellow who has just landed from his large canoe is the representative of one of the strangest of customs. He is a *vusu*, or nephew, and it will probably be an unlucky day for the uncle if his rela-

tion has come to pay him a visit. According to Feejeean law the *vusu* has the extraordinary privilege of appropriating the whole of his uncle's movable property, and he seizes anything that takes his fancy from time to time, no resistance being thought of or offered.

Though Levuka is the chief harbor among the islands, the mail-steamers sailing between San Francisco and Australia avoid it, owing to its intricate approaches and the destructive hurricanes by which it is occasionally visited. At present these steamers only touch at Kandavu.

But the trade of Levuka is considerable, and the streets of the town are unusually animated with busy throngs of sailors and merchants. In the way of amusements there are a cricket-ground and a rifle-ground, and in the way of business there is an extensive cotton-ginning establishment.

A broad path up the hills in the background leads to the government buildings, which have a very neat appearance, the cane walls and thatched roof adding to the cool aspect of the spacious verandas. A little farther on is the residence of King Thakumbau, a cannibalistic epicure, who, after a ravenous career of man-eating, has settled down to peace and a milder diet. His appearance is a surprise, if not a disappointment. Formerly he was celebrated for his ferocity, and on one occasion he cut out the tongue of a captive, who begged for speedy death, and ate it before the poor wretch's face. His favorite amusement was the braining of children. But we now find him a dignified old gentleman, tall and stout, with whom it is safe to abide any length of time.

The origin of cannibalism is involved in obscurity, but the cause most generally assigned is the scarcity of meat. The Feejeeans have a word, *kusima*, which means "a craving for animal food." They say: "We eat yams till we are tired, and yet we are *kusima*; we eat fish, flesh, or fowl, and we are satisfied." In one of the dialects there are four or five words each signifying hunger, and this alone is fair proof that famine has often prevailed.

Other authorities declare that the custom arose out of a belief of the natives that in eating an enemy they absorbed his good qualities. Mothers rub the lips of their infants with the flesh of a dead enemy, if he has been celebrated as a hero, in the full belief that by doing so his courage will be transmitted to the children. Another theory is that the custom began in religious superstition, and this is supported by the fact that the implements used in the ceremonies are regarded as sacred.

The Feejeeans have only one humiliation greater than death for a vanquished foe, and that is refusal to eat him. It is a sign of hate if the body of an enemy is taken and thrown away, but supreme contempt is expressed when the body is cooked, and then left in the oven as a thing too loathsome to be touched.

It is admitted that the taste for human flesh grows upon the cannibal with his successive feasts, and the Feejeeans have gone so far as to decide on the vegetable best adapted

to the dish—the *corodino*, a plant with dark, glossy leaves and large berries. Mr. Whetham, whose book we have already noticed, mentions an instance showing how practice can create a strong liking for even the most nauseous food. The doctor of a ship in which he was traveling begged the captain not to allow a fruit called the *doriān* to be brought on board at Batavia on account of its odor, which was so strong and abominable that it could be smelled a quarter of a mile off. When the ship was at sea again, her cabins were pervaded by a most sickening smell, the origin of which was traced to the doctor's room, where he was found eating *doriān*, his dislike of it having been changed after tasting it to a great fondness for it. It is said that those who once taste it are sure to eat it again, and that afterward it becomes a passion with them.

Except in the mountain-districts, which have never yet been explored by whites, cannibalism is now extinct in Feejee. But relics of it are seen in many places. At the foot of a pleasant knoll in one of the islands is the old dancing-ground, where, with frightful orgies, thousands of victims have been sacrificed. *Akantabu*, or the tree of forbidden fruit, overshadows the site, and from its branches rejected parts of human bodies in times past depended. Near by there is a row of upright slabs, resembling gravestones, which were used for braining the captives. The victim was seized by two powerful men, who grasped an arm and a leg at each side, and ran with him across the dancing-ground, dashing his head against the stone with such violence as to split it open. The edge of one stone has been worn smooth from this usage, and all the verdure has been stamped out of the ground by the numberless feet that have madly danced upon it.

To the north of Levuka, and behind the town, a gray, barren rock crops out about half-way up the thickly-wooded hills. In the distance it is the very ideal of a castle-turret, with three distinct windows, about which the ivy is creeping; but on closer acquaintance it resolves itself into a rounded, perpendicular rock, not of remarkable form. It repays a visit, however, by the marvelously beautiful views that reach out from its summit. The path is tangled with undergrowth and fallen trees—trunks and stems of every size and color, green, pink, and silvery white. Parasitical plants are twisted about in every direction, and the air is loaded with the fragrance that comes from the creamy-white blossoms of a tree, with dark, shining foliage, called the *damu-damu*. Through an arch of magnificent tree-ferns, whose wide-spreading, feathery crowns form a transparent canopy of green lace, you look down upon the sea, on whose surface the sunlight showers gold and bright flashes of trembling colors. Far-off islands seem to float in the air, and all things are touched with a deep repose.

On the left silvery circles of the tide break on the white beach. Rocks covered with gray and yellow lichens stand out from the nearer mountain-woods, and the black ravines are brightened by groups of tree-ferns and the white blossoms of some forest-plant. But something is wanting to gladden the

picture—some sight or sound of animal life. The landscape is dumb. A few birds with brilliant plumage flit by into the dark forest. You occasionally catch the hoarse cry of a parrot or some other gaudily-feathered creature; but you hear no joyous sounds, no bursts of melody from a thousand tiny throats, as you would elsewhere.

"The absence of bird-music," says Mr. Whetham, "is not redeemed by the marvels of the tropics. Palms, parrots, orchids, and creepers, are very beautiful and very picturesque; but after all they are sad and wearying in comparison with less gorgeous rural landscapes. If the dwellers in pleasant country places could only appreciate the charms that surround them—if they knew how delightful it is to hear the song of the skylark or robin; to look at the flowering lilac and laburnum, or even to inhale the fragrance of the hay-field and the bean-field—they would be convinced that all the wealth of vegetation, all the superb plumage of the birds of these southern islands, cannot be compared with the charms of their English home."

A short distance from Turret Rock are the Falls of Waitoba, a succession of cascades, each terminating in a deep pool. The falls are not very grand, but the water is delightfully cool, and the pools are large enough for a good swim.

Feejeean houses are not open like those in Samoa and other places, but have walls made of reeds or thatch. The shape varies in different localities. Sometimes a village looks like a square basket made of wicker-work; in another distinct conical haystacks are the fashion. In Ovalau most of the native houses are oblong, and only differ in the ornamentation of their reed or leaf walls. Sometimes sennit of different colors is worked in with the reeds, and the patterns thus produced are often very artistic. The ridge-pole of the houses usually projects two or three feet beyond the thatch, and receives a great deal of attention; the extremities, which are blackened, are decorated with white shells, and the pole itself is bound with bands of grass thatch, and covered with a curious kind of creeping fern for which the natives profess a profound respect. The thatching of grass and ferns is admirably worked, and when the eaves project in a horseshoe shape over the doorway the Feejeean house resembles an English rustic cottage.

The interior arrangements are the same as in Samoan houses—bamboo-pillows, gourds, fans, and an old sea-chest making up the furniture.

Feejee, like Samoa, is also remarkably fertile—coffee, coconuts, sugar, arrowroot, nutmegs, sago, India-rubber, indigo, and other things can be easily cultivated. The exported products now reach an annual value of about seven hundred thousand dollars, and consist of cotton, *blche-de-mer*, coconuts, oil, tortoise-shell, bananas, oranges, and maize. With the exception of cotton, these are all natural resources, requiring no skill, and in most cases no care.

Blche-de-mer is a preparation of sea-slugs, of which many varieties are found off the

coast at a depth of ten or twelve feet. The living animal is thrown into a caldron of boiling water, which is kept in motion by constant stirring. After a few minutes it is removed, split open, cleaned, thrown into another large caldron, and left for half an hour to stew. Finally, it is carried to the drying-house, where it remains for several days over a slow fire. When dry it looks, unpoetically speaking, like leather sausage, and before it is ready for the soup in which it is used it has to be soaked in water for several days.

Ten years ago the exports of sea-island cotton from Feejee amounted to about half a million dollars in gold annually, but through various causes this product has proved a failure, and all the old cotton-estates are being turned into sugar-plantations as fast as their owners can obtain the means of supplying themselves with machinery to crush the cane.

The cane is planted in long, straight rows, some of the stalks being red, some yellow, and some purple, their long, green leaves showing off their coloring to great advantage.

The juice is conveyed after the crushing to the clarifiers, in which it is purified, and thence carried to kettles in which it is boiled down into a thick sirup. From the kettle the sirup passes into cooling-cisterns, where it is transformed into sugar and molasses.

The future of the islands may be a brilliant one, and the annexation by Great Britain has already resulted in numerous improvements, which in all probability will be multiplied until railroads and telegraphs make these "pearls of the Pacific" even more familiar than Jamaica and Cuba.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

IN THE COTTON COUNTRY.

DO you know the cotton country, the country of broad levels open to the sun, where the ungainly, ragged bushes stand in long rows, bearing the clothing of a nation on their backs? Not on their backs either, for the white wool is scattered over the branches and twigs, looking, not as if it grew there, but as if it had been blown that way, and had caught and clung at random. When I first came to the cotton country, I used to stand with my chin on the top-rail of the fences, trying to rid my eyes of that first impression. I saw the fields only when the cotton was white, when there were no green leaves left, and the fleecy down did not seem to me a vegetable at all. Starved cows passed through the half-plucked rows untempted, and I said to myself, "Of course. Cows do not eat cotton any more than they eat wool; but what bush is there at the North that they would not nibble if starving?" Accustomed to the trim, soldierly ranks of the Western corn-fields, or the billowy grace of the wheat, I could think of nothing save a parade of sturdy beggarsmen unwillingly drawn up in line, when I gazed upon the stubborn, uneven branches and generally lop-sided appearance of these plants—plants, nevertheless, of wealth, usefulness, and historic importance in the annals of our land. But after a while I grew accustomed

to their contrary ways, and I even began to like their defiant wildness, as a contrast, perhaps, to the languorous sky above, the true sky of the cotton country, with its soft heat, its hazy air, and its divine twilight that lingers so long. I always walked abroad at sunset, and it is in the sunset-light that I always see the fields now when far away. No doubt there was plenty of busy, prosaic reality down there in the mornings, but I never saw it; I only saw the beauty and the fancies that come with the soft after-glow and the shadows of the night.

Down in the cotton country the sun shines steadily all day long, and the earth is hot under your feet; there are few birds, but at nightfall the crows begin to fly home in a long line, going down into the red west as though they had important messages to deliver to some imprisoned princess on the edge of the horizon. One day I followed the crows. I said to myself: "The princess is a *ruse*; they probably light not far from here, and I am going to find their place. The crows at home—that would be something worth seeing." Turning from the path, I went westward. "What!" said a country-woman, meeting Wordsworth on the road, "are ye stepping westward, sir?" I, too, stepped westward.

Field after field I crossed; at last the fences ceased, and only old half-filled ditches marked the boundary-lines. The land sloped downward slightly, and after a while the ridge behind me seemed like a line of heights, the old cotton-plants on its top standing out as distinctly as single pine-trees on a mountain-summit outlined against the sky; so comparative is height. The crows still flew westward as I came out upon a second level lower down than the first, and caught a golden gleam through the fringe of bushes in the middle of the plain. I had unwittingly found the river at last, that broad, brown river that I knew was down there somewhere, although I had not seen it with my bodily eyes. I had full knowledge of what it was, though, farther south toward the ocean; I knew the long trestles over the swamps and dark cane-brakes that stretched out for miles on each side of the actual stream, trestles over which the trains passed cautiously every day, the Northern passengers looking nervously down at the quaking, spongy surface below, and prophesying accidents as certain some time—when they were not on board. Up here in the cotton country, however, the river was more docile, there were no tides to come up and destroy the banks, and with the exception of freshets the habits of the stream were orderly. The levels on each side might have been, should have been, rich with plenty. Instead, they were uncultivated and desolate. Here and there a wild, outlawed cotton-bush reared its head, and I could trace the old line of the cart-road and cross-tracks; but the soil was spongy and disintegrated, and for a long time evidently no care had been bestowed upon it. I crossed over to the river, and found that the earth-bank which had protected the field was broken down and washed away in many places; the low trees and bushes on shore still held the straws and

driftwood that showed the last freshet's high-water mark.

The river made an irregular bend a short distance below, and I strolled that way, walking now on the thick masses of lespedeza that carpeted the old road-track, and now on the singularly porous soil of the level, a soil which even my inexperienced eyes recognized as worthless, all its good particles having been drained out of it and borne away on the triumphant tide of the freshets. The crows still evaded me, crossing the river in a straight line and flying on toward the west, and, in that arbitrary way in which solitary pedestrians make compacts with themselves, I said, "I will go to that tree at the exact turn of the bend, and not one step farther." I went to that tree at the exact turn of the bend, and then I went—farther; for I found there one solemn, lonely old house. Now, if there had been two, I should not have gone on; I should not have broken my compact. Two houses are sociable and commonplace; but one all alone on a desolate waste like that inspired me with—let us call it interest, and I went forward.

It was a lodge rather than a house; in its best day it could never have been more than a very plain abode, and now, in its worst, it seemed to have fallen into the hands of Giant Despair. "Forlorn" was written over its lintels, and "without hope" along its low roof-edge. Raised high above the ground, in the Southern fashion, on wooden supports, it seemed even more unstable than usual to Northern eyes, because the lattice-work, the valance, as it were, which generally conceals the bare, stilt-like underpinning, was gone, and a thin calf and some melancholy chickens were walking about underneath, as though the place was an arbor. There was a little patch of garden, but no grass, no flowers; everything was gray, the unpainted house, the sand of the garden-beds, and the barren waste stretching away on all sides. At first I thought the place was uninhabited, but as I drew nearer a thin smoke from one of the chimneys told of life within, and I said to myself that the life would be black-skinned life, of course. For I was quite accustomed now to finding the families of the freedmen crowded into just such old houses as this, hidden away in unexpected places; for the freedmen hardly ever live up on the even ground in the broad sunshine as though they had a right there, but crowd down in the hollows, or out into the fringes of wood, where their low-roofed cabins, numerous though they may be, are scarcely visible to the passer-by. There was no fence around this house; it stood at large on the waste as though it belonged there. Take away the fence from a house, and you take away its respectability; it becomes at once an outlaw. I ascended the crazy, sunken steps that led to the front-door, and lifted the knocker that hung there as if in mockery; who ever knocked there now save perhaps a river-god with his wet fingers as he hurried by, mounted on the foaming freshet, to ravage and lay waste again the poor, desolate fields? But no spirit came to the door, neither came the swarm of funny little black faces I had expected; instead, I

saw before me a white woman, tall, thin, and gray-haired. Silently she stood there, her great, dark eyes, still and sad, looking at me as much as to say, "By what right are you here?"

"Excuse me, madam," was my involuntary beginning; then I somewhat stupidly asked for a glass of water.

"I would not advise you to drink the water we have here; it is not good," replied the woman. I knew it was not; the water is never good down on the levels. But I was very stupid that day.

"I should like to rest a while," was my next attempt. It brought out a wooden chair, but no cordiality. I tried everything I could think of in the way of subjects for conversation, but elicited no replies beyond monosyllables. I could not very well say, "Who are you, and how came you here?" and yet that was exactly what I wanted to know. The woman's face baffled me, and I do not like to be baffled. It was a face that was old and at the same time young; it had deep lines, it was colorless, and the heavy hair was gray; and still I felt that it was not old in years, but that it was like the peaches we find sometimes on the ground, old, wrinkled, and withered, yet showing here and there traces of that evanescent bloom which comes before the ripeness. The eyes haunted me, they haunt me now, the dry, still eyes of immovable, hopeless grief. I thought, "Oh, if I could only help her!" but all I said was, "I fear I am keeping you standing;" for that is the senseless way we human creatures talk to each other.

Her answer was not encouraging.

"Yes," she replied, in her brief way, and said no more.

I felt myself obliged to go.

But the next afternoon I wandered that way again, and the next, and the next. I used to wait impatiently for the hour when I could enter into the presence of her great silence and stillness. How still she was! If she had wept, if she had raved, if she had worked with nervous energy, or been resolutely, doggedly idle, if she had seemed reckless, or callous, or even pious; but no, she was none of these. Her old-young face was ever the same, and she went about her few household tasks in a steady, nerveless manner, as though she could go on doing them for countless ages, and yet never with the least increase of energy. She swept the room, for instance, every day, never thoroughly, but in a gentle, incompetent sort of way peculiarly her own; yet she always swept it and never neglected it, and she took as much time to do it as though the task was to be performed with microscopic exactness.

She lived in her old house alone save for the presence of one child, a boy of six or seven years—a quiet, grave-eyed little fellow, who played all by himself hour after hour with two little wooden soldiers and an empty spool. He seldom went out of the house; he did not seem to care for the sunshine or the open air as other children care, but gravely amused himself in-doors in his own quiet way. He did not make his wooden soldiers talk or demolish each other triumphantly, according to the manner of boys;

but he marshaled them to and fro with slow consideration, and the only sound was the click of their little muskets as he moved them about. He seemed never to speak of his own accord; he was strangely silent always. I used to wonder if the two ever talked together playfully as mother and child should talk; and one day, emboldened by a welcome, not warmer, for it was never warm, but not quite so cold, perhaps, I said:

"Your little son is very quiet, madam?"

"He is not my son."

"Ah!" I replied, somewhat disconcerted;

"What is his name?"

"His name is John."

The child heard us in his barren corner, but did not look up or speak; he made his two soldiers advance solemnly upon the spool in silence, with a flank movement. I have called the corner barren, because it seemed doubly so when the boy sat there. The poorest place generally puts on something of a homelike air when a little child is in it; but the two bare walls and angle of bare floor remained hopelessly empty and desolate. The room was large, but there was nothing in it save the two wooden chairs and a table; there was no womanly attempt at a rag-carpet, curtains for the windows, or newspaper pictures for the walls; none of those little contrivances for comfort with which women generally adorn even the most miserable abiding-places, showing a kind of courage which is often pathetic in its hopefulness. Here, however, there was nothing. A back-room held a few dishes, some boxes and barrels, and showed on its cavernous hearth the ashes of a recent fire. "I suppose they sleep in a third bare room somewhere, with their two beds, no doubt, standing all alone in the centre of the chamber; for it would be too human, of course, to put them up snugly against the wall, as anybody else would do," I said to myself.

In time I succeeded in building up a sort of friendship with this solitary woman of the waste, and in time she told me her story. Let me tell it to you. I have written stories of imagination; but this is a story of fact, and I want you to believe it. It is true, every word of it, save the names given, and when you read it, you whose eyes are now upon these lines, stop and reflect that it is only one of many life-stories like unto it. "War is cruelty," said our great general. It is. It must be so. But shall we not, we women, like Sisters of Charity, go over the field when the battle is done, bearing balm and wine and oil for those who suffer?

"Down here in the cotton country we were rich once, madam; we were richer than Northerners ever are, for we toiled not for our money, neither took thought for it; it came and we spent it; that was all. My father was Clayton Cotesworth, and our home was twenty miles from here, at the Sand Hills. Our cotton-lands were down on these river-levels; this was one of our fields, and this house was built for the overseer; the negro quarters that stood around it have been carried off piecemeal by the freedmen." (Impossible to put on paper her accentuation of this title.) "My father was an old man; he could not go to battle himself, but he gave

first his eldest son, my brother James. James went away from earth at Fredericksburg. It was in the winter, and very cold. How often have I thought of that passage, 'And pray ye that your flight be not in the winter,' when picturing his sufferings ere his spirit took flight! Yes, it was very cold for our Southern boys; the river was full of floating ice, and the raw wind swept over them as they tried to throw up intrenchments on the heights. They had no spades, only pointed sticks, and the ground was frozen hard. Their old uniforms, worn thin by long usage, hung in tatters, and many of them had no shoes; the skin of their poor feet shone blue, or glistening white, like a dead man's skin, through the coverings of rags they had made for themselves as best they could. They say it was a pitiful sight to see the poor fellows sitting down in the mornings, trying to adjust these rag-wrappings so that they would stay in place, and fastening them elaborately with their carefully-saved bits of string. He was an honored man who invented a new way. My brother was one of the shoeless; at the last, too, it seems that he had no blanket, only a thin counterpane. When night came, hungry and tired as he was, he could only wrap himself in that and lie down on the cold ground to wait for morning. When we heard all this afterward, we said, 'Blessed be the bullet that put him out of his misery!' for poor James was a delicate boy, and had been accustomed to loving, watchful care all his life. Yet oh, if I could only know that he was warm once, just once, before he died! They told us he said nothing after he was shot save 'How cold! How cold!'

"They put his poor, stiff body hastily down under the sod, and then the brigade moved on; no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day.

"Next John went, my second brother. He said good-by, and marched away northward; northward, northward, always northward, to cold, corpse-strewn Virginia, who in her blood-stained mantle cried aloud to us continually, 'More! more!' Her roads are marked with death from her Peaks of Otter to the sea, and her great valley ran red. We went to her from all over the South, from Alabama, Florida, and Georgia, and from our own Carolina. We died there by the thousands, and by the tens of thousands. O Virginia, Virginia, mother of presidents, hast thou counted our dead who lie thick in thy tidewater plains, in thy dark, tangled Wilderness, and along thy river-shores, with faces upturned, and thy earth on their still hearts?

"John came back to us once, and wedded the fair girl to whom he was betrothed. It was a sad bridal, although we made it as gay as we could; for we had come to the times of determined gayety then. The tone of society was like the determinedly gay quicksteps which the regimental bands play when returning from a funeral, as much as to say, 'Le roi est mort, mais vive le roi!' So we turned our old silk dresses, and made a brave appearance; if our shoes were shabby we hid them under our skirts as well as we could, and held our heads the higher. Maum Sally made a big wedding-cake, as of

old, and we went without meat to pay for the spices in it; such luxuries we obtained from the blockade-runners now and then, but they were worth almost their weight in gold. Then John, too, left us. In four months he also was taken; killed by guerrillas, it is supposed, as he rode through a lonely mountain-defile. He was not found for weeks; the snow fell and covered him, mercifully giving the burial the frozen earth denied. After a while the tidings came to us, and poor Mabel slowly wept herself into the grave. She was a loving-hearted little creature, and her life was crushed. She looked at her baby once, called his name John, and then died. The child, that boy yonder, seems to have inherited her grief; he sheds no tears, however; for his girl-mother shed them all, both for him and for herself, before ever he saw the light. My turn came next.

"You have been married, madam? Did you love, too? I do not mean regard, or even calm affection; I do not mean sense of duty, self-sacrifice, or religious motives. I mean love—love that absorbs the entire being. Some women love so; I do not say they are the happiest women. I do not say they are the best. I am one of them. But God made us all; he gave us our hearts, we did not choose them. Let no woman take credit to herself for her even life simply because it has been even. Doubtless if he had put her out in the breakers she would have swayed, too. Perhaps she would have drifted from her moorings also, as I have drifted. I go to no church; I cannot pray. But do not think I am defiant; no, I am only dead. I seek not the old friends, few and ruined, who remain still above-ground; I have no hopes, I might almost say no wish. Torpidly I draw my breath through day and night, nor note if the rain falls or the sun shines. You Northern women would work; I cannot. Neither have I the fierceness to take the child and die. I live on as the palsied animal lives, and if some day the spring fails, or the few herbs within his reach, he dies; nor do I think he would grieve much about it; he only eats from habit. So do I.

"It was in the third year of the war that I met Ralph Kinsolving. I was just eighteen. Our courtship was short; indeed, I hardly knew that I loved him, or understood what love was, when he spoke and asked me to give him myself. 'Marry me, Judith,' he pleaded, ardently; 'marry me before I go; let it be my wife I leave behind me, and not my sweetheart. For sweethearts, dear, cannot come to us in camp when we send, as we shall surely send soon, that you may all see our last grand review.' So spoke Rafe, and with all his heart he believed it. We all believed it, all of us. Never for a moment did we Southerners doubt the final triumph of our arms. We were so sure we were right!

"Our last grand review," said Rafe; but he did not dream of that last review at Appomattox, when eight thousand fiercely-hungry, exhausted men stacked their muskets in the presence of the enemy, whose glittering ranks, eighty thousand strong, were drawn up in line before them, while in the rear their well-filled wagons stood—wagons whose generous

plenty brought tears to the eyes of many a poor fellow that day, thinking, even while he eagerly ate, of his desolated country and his own empty fields at home.

"I did marry my soldier, and, although it was in haste, I had my wedding-dress, my snowy veil; lace and gauze were not needed at the hospitals. But we went without the wedding-cake this time, and my satin slippers were made at home, looking very like a pair of white moccasins when finished.

"In the middle of the ceremony there was an alarm; the slaves had risen at Latto's down the river, and were coming up the village armed with knives and clubs, and, worse still, infuriated with the liquor they had found. Even our good old rector paused. There were but few white men at home. It seemed indeed a time for pausing. But Rafe said, quietly, 'Go on!' and, unsheathing his sword, he laid it ready on the chancel-rail. 'To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part,' repeated Rafe, holding my hand in his firm clasp, and looking down into my frightened face so tenderly that I forgot my alarm, everything, indeed, save his love. But when the last word was spoken, and the blessing pronounced over our bowed heads, the shining sword seeming a silent witness, Rafe left me like a flash. The little church was empty when I rose from my knees, the women had hurried home with blanched faces to bar their doors and barricade their windows, and the men had gone for their horses and guns; only my old father waited to give me his blessing, and then we, too, hastened homeward. Our little band of defenders assembled in the main street, and rode gallantly out to meet the negroes, who were as fifty to their one. Rafe was the leader, by virtue of his uniform, and he waved his hand to me as he rode by. 'Cheer up, Judith,' he cried; 'I will soon return.'

"I never saw him again.

"They dispersed the negroes without much difficulty; Latto's slaves had been badly treated for months, they had not the strength to fight long. But Rafe rode to the next town with the prisoners under his charge, and there he met an imploring summons to the coast; the Federal ships had appeared unexpectedly off the harbor, and the little coast-city lay exposed and helpless at the mouth of the river. All good men and true within reach were summoned to the defense. So my soldier went, sending back word to me a second time, 'I will soon return.' But the siege was long, long—one of those bitterly-contested little sieges of minor importance, with but small forces engaged on each side, which were so numerous during the middle times of the war—those middle times after the first high hopes had been disappointed, and before the policy of concentration had been adopted by the North—that slow, dogged North of yours that kept going back and beginning over again, until at last it found out how to do it. This little siege was long and weary, and when at last the Federal vessels went suddenly out beyond the bar again, and the town, unconquered,

but crippled and suffering, lay exhausted on the shore, there was not much cause for rejoicing. Still I rejoiced; for I thought that Rafe would come. I did not know that his precious furlough had expired while he was shut up in the beleaguered city, and that his colonel had sent an imperative summons, twice repeated. Honor, loyalty, commanded him to go, and go immediately. He went.

"The next tidings that came to me brought word that he loved me and was well; the next, that he loved me and was well; the next, that he loved me and was—dead. Madam, my husband, Ralph Luttrede Kinsolving, was shot—as a spy!

"You start—you question—you doubt. But spies were shot in those days, were they not? That is a matter of history. Very well; you are face to face now with the wife of one of them.

"You did not expect such a meeting, did you? You have always thought of spies as outcasts, degraded wretches, and, if you remembered their wives at all, it was with the idea that they had not much feeling, probably, being so low down in the scale of humanity. But, madam, in those bitter, hurrying days men were shot as spies who were no spies. Nay, let me finish; I know quite well that the shooting was not confined to one side; I acknowledge that; but it was done, and mistakes were made. Now and then chance brings a case to light, so unmistakable in its proof that those who hear it shudder—as now and then also chance brings a coffin to light whose occupant was buried alive, and came to himself when it was too late. But what of the cases that chance does *not* bring to light?

"My husband was no spy; but it had been a trying time for the Northern commanders: suspicion lurked everywhere; the whole North clamored to them to advance, and yet their plans, as fast as they made them, were betrayed in some way to the enemy. An example was needed—my husband fell in the way.

"He explained the suspicious circumstances of his case, but a cloud of witnesses rose up against him, and he proudly closed his lips. They gave him short shrift; that same day he was led out and met his death in the presence of thousands. They told me that he was quite calm, and held himself proudly; at the last he turned his face to the south, as if he were gazing down, down, into the very heart of that land for whose sake he was about to die. I think he saw the cotton-fields then, and our home; I think he saw me, also, for the last time.

"By the end of that year, madam, my heavy black hair was gray, as you see it now; I was an old woman at nineteen.

"My father and I and that grave-eyed baby lived on in the old house. Our servants had left us, all save one, old Cassy, who had been my nurse or 'maumee,' as we called her. We suffered, of course. We lived as very poor people live. The poorest slaves in the old time had more than we had then; but we did not murmur; the greater griefs had swallowed up the less. I said, 'Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?' But the end was not yet.

"You have heard the story of the great march, the march to the sea? But there was another march after that, a march of which your own writers have said that its route was marked by a pillar of smoke by day and of flame by night—the march through South Carolina. The Northern soldiers shouted when they came to the yellow tide of the Savannah, and looked across and knew that the other shore was South Carolina soil. They crossed, and Carolina was bowed to the dust. Those were the days we cried in the morning, 'O God, that it were night!' and in the night, 'O God, that it were morning!' Retribution, do you say? It may be so. We still lie bound hand and foot before you. But love for the State seemed loyalty to us; and slavery was the sin of our fathers, not ours. Surely we have expiated it now.

"Chile, chile, dey is come!" cried old Cassy, bursting into my room one afternoon, her withered, black face grayly pale with fear. I went out. Cavalrymen were sweeping the village of all it contained, the meagre little that was left to us in our penury. My father was asleep; how I prayed that he might not waken! Although an old man, he was fiery as a boy, and proudly, passionately rebellious against the fate which had come upon us. Our house was some distance back from the road, and broad, stretching grounds separated us from the neighboring residences. Cassy and I softly piled our pillows and cushions against the doors and windows that opened from his room on to the piazza, hoping to deaden the sounds outside, for some of our people were resisting, and now and then I heard shouts and oaths. But it was of no use. My dear old father woke, heard the sounds, and rushed out into the street sword in hand, for he had been a soldier, too, serving with honor through the Mexican War. Made desperate by my fears for him, I followed. There was a *milke* in the road before our house; a high wind blew the thick dust in my eyes, and half blinded me, so that I only saw struggling forms on foot and on horseback, and could not distinguish friend or foe. Into this group my father rushed. I never knew the cause of the contest; probably it was an ill-advised attack by some of our people, fiery and reasonless always. But, whatever it was, at length there came one, two, three shots, and then the group broke apart. I rushed forward and received my old father in my arms, dying—dead. His head lay on my shoulder as I knelt in the white road, and his silver hair was dabbled with blood; he had been shot through the head and breast, and lived but a moment.

"We carried him back to the house, old Cassy and I, slowly, and with little regard for the bullets which now whistled through the air, for the first shots had brought together the scattered cavalrymen, who now rode through the streets firing right and left, more at random, I think, than with direct aim, yet still determined to 'frighten the rebels,' and avenge the soldier, one of their number, who had been killed at the beginning of the fray. We laid my father down in the centre of the hall, and prepared him for his long sleep. No one came to help

us; no one came to sorrow with us; each household gathered its own together and waited with bated breath for what was still to come. I watched alone beside my dead that night, the house-doors stood wide open, and lights burned at the head and foot of the couch. I said to myself, 'Let them come now and take their fill.' But no one disturbed me, and I kept my vigil from midnight until dawn; then there came a sound as of many feet, and when the sun rose our streets were full of blue-coated soldiers, thousands upon thousands; one wing of the great army was marching through. There was still hot anger against us for our resistance, and when the commanding officers arrived they ordered guards to be stationed at every house, with orders to shoot any man or boy who showed himself outside of his doorway. All day and night the Federal soldiers would be passing through, and the guards gave notice that if another man was injured twenty rebel lives should answer for it.

"We must bury my father, you and I together, Cassy," I said; 'there is no one to help us. Come!'

"The old woman followed me without a word. Had I bidden her go alone, even as far as the door-step, she would have covered at my feet in abject terror; but, following me, she would have gone dumb and unquestioning to the world's end. The family burial-place was on our own grounds, according to the common custom of the South; thither we turned our steps, and in silence hollowed out a grave as best we could. The guard near by watched us with curiosity for some time; at last he approached:

"What are you two women doing there?"

"Digging a grave."

"Whom for?"

"For my father, who lies dead in the house."

"He withdrew a short distance, but still watched us closely, and when all was ready, and we returned to the house for our burden, I saw him signal to the next guard. 'They will not interrupt us,' I said; 'we are only two women and one dead man.'

"I wrapped my dear father in his ample cloak, and covered his face; then we bore the lounge on which he lay out into the sunshine down toward the open grave. The weight of this poor frame of ours when dead is marvelous, and we moved slowly; but at length we reached the spot. I had lined the grave with coverlids and a fine linen sheet, and now, with the aid of blankets, we lowered the clay to its last resting-place. Then, opening my prayer-book, I read aloud the service for the burial of the dead, slowly, and without tears, for I was thinking of the meeting above of the old father and his two boys. 'Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting.' I took a clod and cast it upon the shrouded breast below. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' I said, and old Cassy, kneeling opposite, broke forth into low wailing, and rocked her body to and fro. Then we filled the grave.

I remember that I worked with feverish strength; if it was not done quickly, I knew I could never do it at all. Can you realize what it would be to stand and shovel the earth with your own hands upon your dead? To hear the gravel fall and strike? To see the last shrouded outline disappear under the stifling, heavy clods? All this it was mine to do. When all this was over I turned to go, and for the first time lifted my eyes. There at the fence-corner stood a row of Federal soldiers, silent, attentive, and with bared heads; my father was buried with military honors after all.

"During all that day and night the blue-coated ranks marched by; there seemed to be no end to the line of glittering muskets. I watched them passively, holding the orphan-boy on my knee; I felt as though I should never move or speak again. But after the army came the army-followers and stragglers, carrion-birds who flew behind the conquerors and devoured what they had left. They swept the town clean of food and raiment; many houses they wantonly burned; what they could not carry with them they destroyed. My own home did not escape; rude men ransacked every closet and drawer, and cut in ribbons the old portraits on the wall. A German, coming in from the smoke-house, dripping with bacon-juice, wiped his hands upon my wedding-veil, which had been discovered and taken from its box by a former intruder; the German was young—he meant no especial harm, but regarded the whole march as a sort of prolonged picnic. It was a little thing; but, oh, how did it hurt me! At length the last straggler left us, and we remained among the ashes. We could not sit down and weep for ourselves or for our dead—the care of finding wherewithal to eat or else die thrust its coarse necessity upon us, and forced us to our feet. I had thought that all the rest of my life would be but a bowed figure at the door of a sepulchre; but the camp-followers came by, took the bowed figure by the arm, and forced it back to every-day life. It could no longer taste the luxury of tears. For days our people lived on the refuse left by the army, the bits of meat and bread they had thrown aside from their plenty; we picked up the corn with which they had fed their horses, kernel by kernel, and boiled it for our dinner; we groped in the ashes of their camp-fires; little children learned the sagacity of dogs seeking for bones, and quarreled over their findings. The fortunes of war, do you say? Yes, the fortunes of war! But it is one thing to say, and another thing to know!

"We came away, madam, for our home was in ashes—old Cassy, the child, and I; we came on foot to this place, and here we have staid. No, the fields are never cultivated now. The dike has been broken down in too many places, and repeated freshets have drained all the good out of the soil; the land is worthless. It was once my father's richest field. Yes, Cassy is dead. She was buried by her own people, who forgave her at the last for having been so spiritless as to stay with 'young missis,' when she might have tasted the glories of freedom over in the crowded hollow where the blacks were

enjoying themselves and dying by the score daily. In six months half of them were gone. They had their freedom—oh, yes, plenty of it; they were quite free—to die! For, you see, madam, their masters, those villainous old masters of theirs, were no longer there to feed and clothe them. Oh! it was a great deliverance for the enfranchised people! Bitter, am I? Put yourself in my place.

"What am I going to do? Nothing. The boy? He must take his chances. Let him grow up under the new régime; I have told him nothing of the old. It may be that he will prosper; people do prosper, they tell me. It seems we were wrong, all wrong; then we must be very right now, for the blacks are our judges, councilors, postmasters, representatives, and law-makers. That is as it should be, isn't it? What! not so? But how can it be otherwise? Ah, you think that a new king will arise who knows not Joseph—that is, that a new generation will come to whom these questions will be things of the sealed past. It may be so; I do not know. I do not know anything certainly any more, for my world has been torn asunder, and I am uprooted and lost. No, you cannot help me, no one can help me; I cannot adjust myself to the new order of things, I cannot fit myself in new soil, the fibres are broken. Leave me alone, and give your help to the young; they can profit by it. The child? Well, if—you really wish it, I will not oppose you. Take him, and bring him up in your rich, prosperous North; the South has no place for him. Go, and God speed you! But, as for me, I will abide in mine own country. It will not be until such as I have gone from earth that the new life will come to her. Let us alone; we will watch the old year out with her, and when her new dawning comes we shall have joined our dead, and all of us, our errors, our sins, and our sorrows, will be but remembrances of a half-forgotten past."

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. CAMPDEN'S VIEW OF THE MATTER.

NEVER since that crushing blow had fallen upon his fortunes did John Dalton feel so light of heart as after those few words from his old college-friend. From him at least he had met with genuine and hearty sympathy; his assistance had been not only readily offered, but had been such as he could accept; and behind all that frank manifestation of generosity he felt there lay a fund of kindly feeling toward his dear ones, upon which he could rely with confidence when he should be sundered from them. True, he had had no cause to believe that things would have been otherwise; George Campden had always shown himself a generous, manly fellow, but the occasions when he had done so

had offered themselves so long ago that Dalton, sore with the rubs of Fate, and prone to suspicions, had almost doubted him; twenty years of married life might well, he had thought, under the circumstances, have altered the man, and made him cold and prudent. But now he felt that he had done his old friend wrong.

Edith, as he had concluded, was in her own room, for when they talked together now it was never, as of old, in apartments where they were liable to interruption; and he ran up-stairs, as he had been wont to do before misfortune clogged his heels, three steps at a time. He had some good news to tell her at last—namely, of the generous kindness of "Uncle George," who had been always a great favorite with her; and he was eager to see her smile again. To his astonishment, he found the two girls with their mother.

"O papa!" cried they, throwing their arms about his neck, "we are so sorry!"

"What! you have told them, Edith!" exclaimed he, reproachfully.

"It was better they should learn it from my lips than from any other's, dearest," answered she, "and that they would have done to-night. I am almost sure that Julia heard of it by this afternoon's post."

"That is strange, for so did Campden.—Well, my darlings, so your mother has told you all. Can you ever forgive your father?"

"Forgive you?" answered Kate.—"What does he mean, mamma?"

"Then you have not told them the worst, Edith?"

"Yes, indeed, she has," put in Jenny, quickly, "and that is what we are crying about. To think that you should be going to Brazil!"

"But, my poor Jenny, do you know why I'm going?" inquired Dalton, in desperation.

"Of course we do: to get back the money that has been so unfortunately lost. You don't suppose Kate and I were crying upon account of the money?"

"Alas! my sweet children, I have ruined you!"

"Not at all, papa; we are going to be poor, like many other people much better than ourselves—or at least than myself," continued Jenny, modestly correcting herself. "This state of poverty will not last long, because either you will be coming back to us from Brazil with a gold-mine in your pocket, or Kitty will marry the Marquis of Carrabas; and, even if those events don't happen, I can make lace, which Mrs. Campden says her good friend Lady Mary prices at six guineas a yard; I can make a yard in three days, which is twelve guineas a week, even without being driven to work on Sundays."

Dalton understood it all, as he thought; it was a conspiracy of the girls with their mother to put the best face they could upon affairs, in order that he might keep up his heart; but, as a matter of fact, there had been no such arrangement. The first thought of both the girls had been for their parents, and their bitterest reflection was that their father must needs leave them all so long, and at such short notice. "What will mam-

ma do without him when baby comes?" was the question that each put to herself, and did not dare to answer.

"To think that the first tears I have ever caused my darlings to shed," said Dalton, still embracing them, "should be such bitter ones!"

"I am not going to cry any more *at all*," said Jenny, wiping her eyes, and speaking very boldly. "Only you must submit to be made as much of as possible by all of us until you go, papa."

That was to be his punishment, it seemed—so far as they were concerned—for having ruined them all.

"Does Tony know?" inquired Dalton, gently.

"Well, not the worst—not about your going to Brazil," said Kitty. "We informed him that we had lost all our money; and he said he was very sorry; but the fact was, he was so impatient to have a ride upon the doctor's pony that he could not afford to give much attention to the other matter."

"But when you just sent him, Edith, to say you wished to speak to me, do you mean to say—"

"That he knew we were all ruined? Oh, certainly," put in Jenny, laughing. "Perhaps, if we had told him that he would not now be sent to Eton, that would have dashed him a little; but the boy looked so pleased and eager about his ride that we had not the heart to tell him that."

"That is fortunate," said Dalton, smiling, "for, as it happens, it will not now be necessary to do so. His godfather has volunteered to put him to Eton."

Then he related to them how splendidly "Uncle George" had behaved in the family crisis—tidings which were received with rapture, but without surprise.

"Whenever Uncle George is left to himself," said Jenny, confidently, "he always does the right thing."

This invalid young lady had a way of dispensing praise and blame which suggested finality, if not infallibility; and in the present case there was universal adhesion.

"The doctor is here, you say," said Dalton; "have you seen him to-day, Jenny?"

"Oh, yes, papa—that is why mamma sent for you."

"Good Heavens! what is the matter?" inquired Dalton, anxiously.

"Nay, my dear, there is nothing wrong with Jenny," put in her mother, assuringly; "the doctor had something to say upon quite another matter. Do you know, I am pretty sure that he knows, or at least suspects—"

"Very likely," said Dalton, as indifferently as he could, but not without a blush as he thought of how, but for that same doctor, these dear ones would have had what would have seemed to them a worse thing to battle against than ruin. If his going to Brazil affected them so much, how would it have been with them had he died! Wife and children, he now understood, took a different view of life from that which his own standpoint had presented to him; and, as he had nothing but the interests of those belonging to him at heart, he was thankful for their sakes that his intention of quitting existence had been

frustrated. He had not yet owned to himself that he was ashamed of having entertained it, yet he blushed to remember that the doctor knew of that attempt to cut his cable. Edith naturally misconstrued his rising color.

"You mustn't mind the doctor, John; if we could confine the knowledge of our calamities to such men as Uncle George and he, it would be a comfort indeed. What he came to tell us was that old Mr. Landell was dead. 'And if you happen to know of any one,' he said, 'who wants to rent a charming little residence as cheap as dirt, quite out of the world, and in a little paradise of its own—with the best of living doctors within ten minutes' walk of it—there is the Nook in Sanbeck vacant.' I am almost certain, by his manner, that he intended the proposition for our personal consideration."

"Perhaps he did, my dear," said Dalton, thoughtfully; "it is, no doubt, a matter to be considered. Your letter has not yet gone to Nurse Haywood, and we must think about it. It is a question of town or country."

"We could live in Sanbeck," said Edith, "as cheaply as in Brown Street, I should suppose."

"And you would be near your friends, my darling—Camden and his wife; you would not be without society."

"I shall not care much about society, dear John, till you come home again," answered Edith, gravely; "I shall be quite content with the companionship of the girls and Tony, and shall have no wish for more."

Dalton and his wife were not quite at one in this matter: he was speculating as to whether this friend and that would drop away from them in their altered circumstances, while with her friends had become of small account; she clung more than ever to her own belongings; and hence it was that her husband's sudden determination to go abroad had so utterly prostrated her. She fought on bravely, as we have seen, but it was almost like the brave Witherington in the ballad.

"But think how charmingly out of the world we shall find ourselves at Sanbeck!" put in Jenny, quickly; "it is not likely that any one will come and look after us there, unless he is really fond of us. And what beautiful scenes there will be for Kitty to sketch!"

"And think how full the house will be of books, mamma, since, I suppose, we shall take it furnished," urged Kitty; "so that Jenny will be in the seventh heaven!"

They knew that their mother preferred the country to the town, but also that she would never allow herself to be influenced by her own predilections; she would be moved, however, easily enough by the wishes of her girls, and therefore each thus pleaded, as her nature dictated, for the other.

"Of course it must depend upon the rent and so on," said Mrs. Dalton, yielding with the difficulty she always experienced when what was sought was in accordance with her own sweet wishes. This plan of burying herself and the girls in this secluded valley until her husband should return and disinter them recommended itself to her

very strongly. She had never liked London, notwithstanding that she had met with such welcome there, and but for her husband's sake would have always sought retirement. "There will be certainly one great advantage: we shall always have kind Dr. Curzon near us, for dear Jenny."

Jenny was generally somewhat impatient of being supposed to need medical superintendence; but in this case she made no protest; it was, in fact, an inexpressible comfort to her to think that Dr. Curzon was to be near them, not upon her own account, but on her mother's, about whom she had sad misgivings; apprehensions, indeed, so terrible, that she scarcely dared to contemplate them, even in her prayers.

Then the doctor was admitted to the family conclave, and made his statement. Old Joe Landell had died that very morning; and his widowed sister from London, Mrs. Grant—who had been staying in the house during his late illness, and who was his sole relative and heiress—had been very communicative to him at various times. She had informed him, among other things, that she should let the house as it stood, if she could find a tenant who would not be too exacting in the matter of repairs. As for the old books, she was told they would not pay carriage to London, and might "bide" where they were. She had a sort of hereditary pride in the place, which prevented her from parting with it altogether; yet she had but small expectation of letting it, except to "some artist or such-like," in the summer months; so that it was certain she would welcome a yearly tenant almost at any price.

"I thought you might be acquainted with some family, my dear Mrs. Dalton," concluded the doctor, indifferently, "with whom economy might be an object—for certainly there is no cheaper place than Sanbeck in all England: you can't spend money there even if you would—who like retirement, and have a taste for the picturesque; who are studious, and capable of amusing themselves when left to their own resources; moreover, if any member of it happens to require medical attendance, the very best advice is almost within call."

"You seem to have got it all up very pat," observed Dalton, rather audaciously, considering what had caused his friend to take so great an interest in the matter.

"Why, the fact is, I promised to write an advertisement out for the disconsolate heiress. She is one who takes time by the forelock, and is not so much inclined to give way to morbid sentiment as some of us," answered the other, significantly.

"Come, doctor, confess," said Mrs. Dalton, laying her hand upon his arm; "you had as in your eye for this strong-minded widow's tenants all along."

"My good lady, I don't know what you mean by 'all along'; if you would suggest that I killed off poor Jonathan Landell in order to accommodate my friends with a residence in this county, I reject and repudiate the imputation. He died in a natural way poor fellow, by the visitation of Dr. Jeffer-son."

The effect of a vigorous and wholesome

mind—which is at the same time sympathetic—when it is brought into connection with minds depressed, is like that of a disinfectant among impurities; it begets a purer and lighter atmosphere; and thus, after half an hour's talk with the good doctor, who was full of practical ideas of all sorts, the entire Dalton family found themselves in better case; he had lifted the whole house—as the “removers” do in the United States—on to another standpoint, from which the future looked more tolerable. Perhaps one of the strongest reasons that actuated each of them, more or less, to take the doctor's advice as respected the Nook, was the consideration that they would thereby secure for themselves—independently of his professional skill—so friendly a neighbor. The profession of medicine is not socially thought very highly of, notwithstanding that “the first true gentleman that ever breathed” was also the Great Physician; and yet I know of none the members of which have so good a right—if delicacy and generosity can confer it—to hold the highest place. At the great day of account, when the tables of precedence are otherwise arranged than by the *Heralds' College*, it is my belief that there will be a *bouleversement* as respects the faculty.

At the front-door stood the doctor's pony—a good deal warmer than usual from his unaccustomed exertions under Tony's guidance—and that young gentleman himself, in a great state of excitement from having taken a successful fly over a hurdle, held up for him for that purpose by Jeff and a groom. “Well, Tony, did you enjoy your gallop?” inquired his father.

“Oh, yes, papa.”

“I am afraid you will never have a pony of your own, my boy, as we once intended,” said Dalton, patting his glowing cheek.

“I know that, papa, and I don't mind a bit; I was just telling Jeff so.”

“O Mr. Dalton, I am so sorry!” said Jeff; and the young man held out his hand.

If there had been fifty thousand pounds in it, the action could not have been more gracious, or the tone more tender.

“You are a good fellow,” said Dalton, warmly; and nothing more was said between them about the change in his circumstances.

But by this time there was tattle enough about it at *Riverside*. Some may pronounce the sagacity of vultures for detecting what is amiss to be unparalleled; but the manner in which a man's misfortunes get abroad, and are pounced upon by other members of the human family, is remarkable also. Whether by eye, or ear, or sense of smell, the thing is conveyed, I know not; but not a soul in Mr. Campden's household was ignorant of what had occurred to “those poor Daltons” within half an hour of his own discovery of the fact.

Of course, Mrs. Campden was among the first to know it; her husband told her, in fact, when he came in from his talk with Dalton, making a most unaccustomed visit to her boudoir for that purpose.

“Good God! Julia, is it not terrible? Our poor friends are as good as ruined.” And then he stated the whole circumstances.

“It is very deplorable, indeed,” returned

his wife, but without showing any excess of sorrow in voice or gesture; “and yet not so sad as it is wicked. I should think that man would never forgive himself. The idea of his squandering his wife's money, as well as his own. I call him a scoundrel!”

“You had better not do so before witnesses,” observed her husband, dryly, “because it is libelous.”

“But don't *you* call it most wicked and most unprincipled, George, yourself?” inquired Mrs. Campden, with a little less acidity. There was something of unaccustomed independence, and even worse, in her husband's tone that alarmed her; his motto was ordinarily “Defense, not defiance;” but on the present occasion he seemed to have adopted a bolder cognizance. She was almost certain he was in one of those rare fits of “obstinacy” to which he had not given way for years, and which she had flattered herself her skillful treatment had eradicated.

“Have you any excuse to make for such a man, Mr. Campden?”

“I am not thinking of excuses; I am thinking of how to help him,” was the quiet rejoinder.

“I hope you are not going to lend him anything, because that would be sending good money after bad.”

“No; I am not.”

“And, as for giving him any sum right out, that would be an absolute encouragement of gambling and dishonorable conduct. Indeed, I should hope Mr. Dalton would be too much of a gentleman to take it.”

The arguments were mixed, and even a little inconsistent, but it was impossible to doubt the conviction of the advocate.

“I don't know, Mr. Campden, whether you are paying me the compliment of listening to my expostulations?”

“Yes, yes; I hear you. You need not be afraid of my giving John Dalton money, because he would not like it. I did offer to lend him some—I should have been ashamed of myself not to have done as much for so old a friend—but he refused it.”

“Well, well, I am glad he has shown some good feeling,” said Mrs. Campden, in a tone of unmistakable relief. “I am sure, whatever we can do—in reason—for his wife and children I shall be glad to further.”

“For God's sake, be kind to them in your manner, Julia!” said her husband, pleadingly.

“In my *manner*? Well, really, Mr. Campden, I think you might have dispensed with that piece of advice. I hope I know how to behave myself toward my guests, and especially when they have been stricken by misfortune.”

“Doubtless, my dear—doubtless.” The momentary courage with which commiseration for his old friend had inspired him was gradually ebbing away from him; the impress of that worn, pained face, as he had just seen it (and that he had remembered in its youth so bright and sparkling), was fading from his retina, and in its place were this woman's hard, pale eyes and imperative glance; he felt, with a sort of shame, that he was returning, under their influence, into slavery. “You mean, I am sure, nothing but kindness, Julia.”

“*Mean!* Mr. Campden; I have never expressed anything else, I hope. I may have had my own opinion concerning Mr. Dalton all along; but I have treated him with a courtesy that was, I am sorry to say, not at all times reciprocated. You have always entertained what I believed to be an exaggerated opinion of his talents—”

“My dear, all the world was of the same opinion,” put in Mr. Campden.

“Well, let us hear what the world says *now*. Foolish people, of course, are easily dazzled by a superficial sparkle that passes for wit; but I have heard persons of judgment and high position—such as Lord Wapshot—say they could never understand what there was to admire in the man.”

“I believe *that*,” said her husband, gently; “poor John had his detractors, no doubt.” She looked at him suspiciously, but the twinkle that usually accompanied his little strokes of satire was not in his eye.

“Of course he had, Mr. Campden, and deserved to have them. Indeed, when this disgrace comes to be known—”

“I did not say there was any disgrace in the matter, Julia.”

“No, George; but *I did*, and most people, I fancy, will be of my way of thinking. At all events, the man has speculated, not only with his own money, but other people's.”

“I never heard that. It is true he risked his wife's money; but I thought—perhaps it is only a fiction of the law—that man and wife were one.”

“If you choose to split hairs like that, Mr. Campden, it is idle to argue with you. The plain fact is, that Mr. Dalton's rashness—or gambling, or disgraceful conduct of some kind, call it by what name you like—has brought himself and his family to utter ruin; and the question is how we ourselves ought to proceed in the matter.”

“You mean, I suppose, as to how we can best help them?”

“I mean nothing of the kind. Of course we shall help them. You are always thinking of pounds, shillings, and pence, Mr. Campden, and rarely look beyond them. But to me, at least, the matter presents itself on much higher grounds—that of principle.”

“Then they'll never get anything,” observed Mr. Campden, naively. “I beg your pardon, my dear,” added he, hastily, though the thunder gathered on the little woman's brow, and the lightning darted from her eyes; “I mean nothing offensive, I assure you; but I have observed that when anything is done ‘on principle,’ it is always a hard thing: the word is never used except to palliate something harsh or unjust, or to excuse a man from putting his hand into his pocket. And—and I wish you wouldn't be so fond of using it, Julia.”

“Well, *upon* my honor! Mr. Campden, are you in your seven senses?”

“Unfortunately, I am,” murmured the unhappy man; “I wish I had but six of them. When a man falls in love, he is blind, they say, though his eyes are opened very soon afterward. When he is married, he should be deaf.”

“I have never been so insulted in my

life, sir!" continued Mrs. Campden, in a voice shrill with passion, "and all because of a worthless fellow. I have the misfortune to be distantly related to Mr. Dalton, but that is no reason why I am to put up with his impertinence; and no reason why we are to impoverish ourselves in order to replenish his purse, and supply his defalcations. I shall let him know his true position, you may depend upon it; he shall not give himself any more airs of superiority here."

"Take care what you do, woman—yes, woman! Damn it, madam, you shall find I am master in my own house for once. If you insult my old friend—in his ruin—under my roof; if you take advantage of his fall to wreak your spite, and pay out old grudges; if you dare to do it, madam—" Here he stopped, overcome with a passion to which hers had been but as water is to wine.

"You had better not say anything more, George," observed Mrs. Campden. Her tone was far from menacing; she wore an "injured" air; for the first time in her life she was frightened at her husband.

"I hope it will not be necessary," returned he, with a certain dignity. "I have done. Our guests are probably leaving us in a day or two. Dalton is going to Brazil, perhaps never to come home again. Be kind to him, if not for his own sake, yet for mine; I ask it as a personal favor. As for his wife and children, the innocent victims of his rashness, I need not bespeak for them your tenderest sympathy. I am sorry if I have used any expressions which have given you pain, Julia." And Uncle George held out his hand.

"I am sorry too," returned Mrs. Campden, stiffly, and taking no notice of the olive-branch thus extended to her. "The conversation was none of my seeking. That is Mary's step coming along the passage."

It was seldom indeed that his daughter's presence was not welcome to Mr. Campden; but on this occasion he passed out of the boudoir by a side-door, and thereby avoided her. The good-natured, honest fellow was full of chagrin and discontent; angry with his wife, but still more with himself. He felt that he had mismanaged matters; perhaps his little woman—as he was wont to term her when matters were going well between them—had not been so much to blame as his own clumsiness; he had obviously alarmed her, too, and it was a cowardly thing for a man to frighten a woman. His intention had been to bespeak all her good offices in favor of this unhappy family, and he felt that instead of that he had aroused a slumbering enmity against its head. She would be good, of course, to his wife and children; but he knew that he should feel a sense of relief when his old friend John Dalton had left his roof.

CHAPTER XXII.

A PATRONESS.

If any one could have proved to demonstration—could have brought it home to her—that Mrs. Campden of Riverside had committed even so much as a peccadillo, she

would have been astonished with a great astonishment. It was true, whenever she went to church—and she went thither with the utmost regularity—that she called herself, or permitted the clergyman to call her, without remonstrance, a miserable sinner. But those words are always used, or at least applied by those who hear them, in a certain parliamentary sense. Mrs. Campden often thought herself miserable, but never a sinner. She could thank Heaven—people had heard her do it—that she had always done her duty in that elevated station of life to which it had pleased Providence to call her. She supported the rector, she patronized the curate, she was affable to the doctor; she not only, as I have said, went to church herself, but was the cause of going thither in others; the bread and blankets which she distributed in sufficient quantities at Christmas were reserved for those poor folks alone who attended the parish-church; she did not heap coals upon the heads of those undeserving ones who attended chapel, or resisted the temptations of all places of worship equally; her right hand knew very well what her left hand was about, and neither indulged in indiscriminate alms-giving. Whatever she did, as she had justly boasted to her husband, she did upon principle—and also what she left undone. If she did not command respect, she was at least eminently respectable. That she had once inspired love in a man like George Campden was one of those inexplicable social phenomena at which we stand astonished as at a conjurer's trick; the thing has happened, for we have seen it with our eyes, but how, in the name of wonder, did it come about? Don't we see, every day, genial, good-natured men tied for life to abominable women—scolds, grumblers, affected dolls, viragoes; as we see—though much more rarely—charming women mated with dullards or scoundrels? Opportunity, a limited range of choice, a pique, must be, as old Burton says, "causes." If there was no other class of women in the world but that—unhappily a large one—to which Mrs. Campden belonged, and if the responsibility of carrying on the human race rested with myself alone, the world would come to an end: I would never marry. If she importuned me, I should reply: "Madam, I must decline the temptation—upon principle." Fortunately, tastes differ; and this class of women does get married. I believe I know—though I have not the courage to write it—how it is done.

Of course Mrs. Campden was jealous of her husband; and since he gave her no cause in the way of flirtations, she grudged him his friendships. She had accused him a hundred times of letting John Dalton "come between her and him." When a man marries, she gave him to understand that he should cleave to his wife, and cast off all old entanglements of every description; and how he could sit in the smoking-room talking over old times with his friend—she had no high opinion of college-life, and called them "humiliating antecedents"—in place of retiring at a reasonable hour in well-principled company, was inexplicable to her. Of Mrs. Dalton she was jealous in

another way; it was impossible that the most jaundiced eye could find fault with Edith's manner, which was the perfection of gentleness and sweetness; but she was envious of her popularity. She could not say that she laid herself out to secure the affections of her host; but she resented her winning them, all the same, as she resented her winning those of everybody else. It was wormwood to her to be obliged to confess to herself that not only in her own household, but in "the county"—where, above everything, she wished to shine preëminent—Mrs. Dalton was by far the greater favorite. Lady Wapshot had actually complimented her—Mrs. Campden—upon her being able, summer after summer, to secure such charming guests as the Daltons at Riverside. "They are certainly the most striking family—quite too delightful," had been her ladyship's verdict. "I am told that, except Lord Clarendon, Mr. Dalton is the very best—what do you call it?—*moniteur*. I confess I am quite in love with him. Then his wife, who I should be afraid is a little consumptive, is so sweet. And then Kitty—I assure you that last season, I have been informed, Kate Dalton might have—" And then she had whispered into Mrs. Campden's ear the rumor of a very magnificent *parti* indeed.

"I don't believe it," answered the lady, a little rudely, considering the rank of her companion, and her own veneration for it; "at least I can hardly credit it."

"You may do so, however, for I had it upon the very best authority; the very best, Mrs. Campden—*his own*."

Mrs. Campden did not believe it any the more for this audacious corroboration; but the fact that such a story should have got abroad, and be repeated by such a person as Lady Wapshot, showed what a sensation Kitty Dalton must have made.

Now, Mary Campden, though a little older, had "come out" in the same season as Kate, and had fallen, metaphorically speaking, rather flat. It was no wonder, then, that the maternal heart was sore as respected her child's successful rival.

As to Jenny, Mrs. Campden thought there was "a great deal too much fuss made about that girl and her ailments;" she could not help being an invalid, of course; but she should bow to the dispensations of Providence, and, since it had pleased it to afflict her, she should be afflicted; not come into society upon a spring-couch, and carry on conversation on her back, in such a curious and alarming manner. Tony was little more than a child, and Mrs. Campden did not take much notice of children; but from what she had seen of the boy, and his affection for Geoffrey Derwent, she regarded him with little favor.

Thus it happened that Mrs. Campden—who had no great love, I think, for anybody save one individual—"I can only place my love," she used to say, "where I feel respect; and then she would stroke and straighten herself in a very self-appreciative manner—entertained a feeling that was almost hostile toward her guests, the Daltons. She would indeed have been shocked if any one had suggested that she rejoiced in their

ruin; but since it had pleased Heaven to thus afflict them, she was not one to find fault with its dispensations. Whether her husband had appealed to her or not, she would undoubtedly have assisted them; it but the pleasure that she professed to derive from it was not that of doing good, but of conferring a favor—perhaps even an obligation. She was certainly not displeased at suddenly finding herself in a superior social position to the woman whom every one pronounced perfection, and whose daughter had cut out her own in London society. If the misfortunes of our friends give us pleasure, is it to be expected that those of our enemies—of those at least with whom we have any cause of quarrel—should not be grateful to us? Undoubtedly, too, Uncle George's well-meant intercession had done his clients harm. The only contest with her husband in which Mrs. Campden had been worsted—had been silenced by the great guns of his passion—was upon the Daltons' account; and she was not a woman to easily forgive those who had been, however innocently, the cause of such a disgrace.

She did not acknowledge, even to herself, that such was the state of her feelings; but over her hard and bitter nature there had suddenly grown, as respected her unhappy guests, a hard and bitter rind. It would have been difficult for some of them to have touched her heart with pity in any case, but it had now become impenetrable to all.

"Mamma, may I come in?" cried Mary, in tones of quite unaccustomed flurry and excitement, and not even waiting for an answer, she came quickly into the room.

"What is the matter, my child?" was the quiet reply.

"O mamma, such a dreadful thing has happened, such a shocking misfortune! Dear Katy has just been telling me that—that they are all ruined." And the girl broke into a sob, overcome by genuine sorrow for her unhappy cousins.

"It is very sad, of course, my dear Mary—very sad," said Mrs. Campden, smoothing the folds of her dress as she sat in her chair, while Mary stood in tears by the mantelpiece; "but I cannot say it is altogether unexpected. I suppose Katy did not tell you how it happened?"

"Well, yes. It seems Cousin John—"

"You mean Mr. Dalton," interrupted her mother. "It is not on *his* side of the house, remember, that we are related to the family."

"Well, it seems he was taken in by some wicked people in a speculation. But, however, it matters little now, since they have lost all their money."

"Pardon me, my child; it matters a good deal. There are higher things in the world—as I have sometimes occasion to tell your father—than pounds, shillings, and pence. All persons who speculate are wicked; and, as for their being taken in, that is what the people who lose are always ready to say. Of course, Katy would not tell you—perhaps she does not know—how much Mr. Dalton is to blame in the matter; but I know. My dear, that man is a scoundrel!"

"O mamma! Cousin John a scoundrel! That is impossible. We are all so fond of him, from papa down to the very servants."

"The friendship of the world, my child, we have the best authority for knowing, is not a proof of good principles."

"Well, he is going away—at once—to Brazil," answered Mary, with a fresh access of grief. Brazil seemed to the girl so far away that the sentiment *Nil nisi bonum* applied to it as to the grave itself. "Katy says her mother is almost broken-hearted; and if you could have seen Katy herself just now, while she was telling me—O mamma, fancy if papa was going to Brazil!"

"I hope, my dear, your father will never put himself under the necessity of going to any such place," returned Mrs. Campden, with dignity. "I am not reproving you for exhibiting such sincere sorrow—on the contrary, it does you credit; but you should learn to put a little more restraint upon your feelings. After all, it is principle alone, remember, that should guide our actions."

"But if Mr. Dalton has acted ever so wrongly, what have his wife and children to do with it? We should pity them the more, since it is surely all the worse for them to feel that he is to blame; though, for my part, I can't think such bad things of Cousin John. I am much rather inclined to believe that that stiff, hard-eyed Mr. Holt is at the bottom of it all."

"My dear Mary, I cannot listen to this," said her mother, rising majestically. "Whatever we say or do, let us above all things be charitable. For all we know, Mr. Holt may be a very respectable person; Mr. Dalton—if that goes for anything—always said he was, in his own sphere of life. He has nothing but his character to maintain him; so, pray, be careful what you say. It is very unlikely, I must also take leave to say, that so very clever a man as Mr. Dalton is allowed to be should allow himself to be taken in by anybody. However, as you were about to say, Heaven forbid that we should visit his crimes upon the heads of his unfortunate wife and children! Of course, they will have to give up their house in London—which will make us later, by-the-by, in going to town than usual—and live in a totally different way, in lodgings somewhere."

"They are going to live in Sanbeck, mamma; that is the one bit of good news in the whole black budget. Old Mr. Landell is dead, and his house is to be let—'The Nook,' you know—and they are all thinking of living there while Cousin John is away. It was that dear Dr. Curzon who suggested it; and won't it be delightful?"

"I can't tell that, my dear," returned Mrs. Campden, with gravity, "till I have seen how matters turn out."

"But, at all events, mamma, we shall be able to see much more of them at Sanbeck than if they were up in town—and to do much more for them. Why, Kitty and I can run over and see one another any afternoon; and they can come and dine with us as often as they please."

"My poor child, in your haste to be all

that is kind," said Mrs. Campden, kissing her daughter's forehead, "you lose sight of what is practicable. Your cousins will soon be very poor: they could not come over the crags to dinner at night, but must drive round by the road; and how are they to afford a horse and fly?"

"A horse and fly!" repeated Mary, lugubriously. If her mother had said "a one-horse hearse," it would scarcely have been a more melancholy suggestion. There were two little old maids from the county town—the Misses Bilger, daughters of Sir Robert Bilger, baronet, who had ruined himself by keeping the county fox-hounds, and whose memory, therefore, gave a certain aroma of consideration to his offspring; and these shabby-genteel spinsters used to call once a year or so at Riverside in a one-horse fly. A more graphic description of actual poverty could scarcely have been given to Mary than this reference to that dreary vehicle which for the future her cousins would not be able to afford to hire. It brought their utter ruin home to her imagination for the first time. "Surely, mamma, we could send a carriage for them," said she, presently, yet feeling, even before her mother's reply, that even that step would not meet all the exigencies of the case.

"Of course we could, my dear, and no doubt we should do so occasionally; but people don't like using other people's carriages, especially when they cannot afford to give a fee to the coachman. There is a sense of obligation—"

"O mamma! what! with us?"

"I think you will find it so, my dear, unless I have quite misread Mrs. Dalton's character. Whatever we do for her and hers must be done very delicately; and I have a plan in my head which, without making them seem indebted to anybody, will be of the greatest help to them—indeed, will go a good way to restore what Mr. Dalton has so wickedly squandered."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Mary, clapping her plump hands, and quite forgetting, in her joy at the prospect of this remedy for his woes, to protest against the condemnation of her cousin. "How nice of you, dear mamma, to have hit upon it!"

"It was only my duty to cast about for any help for these poor people," returned Mrs. Campden, modestly; "but, as for the plan itself, that must remain a secret until I find an opportunity for getting it carried out.—Where is Mrs. Dalton, my dear? I almost think she might have come to me herself under circumstances which are so momentous."

"Indeed, mamma, I think she is hardly equal to doing that: Kitty says she is sure she is only keeping up by a great effort. But if you would go and speak to her in her own room I am sure she would take it kindly."

"Then, of course, I will go, my dear," answered Mrs. Campden, rising; "in cases of trouble such as this, it is not for a person in my position to stand upon etiquette. My cousins will find me exactly the same in every respect as though this misfortune had not occurred to them."

APRIL PARTING.

A SINGLE golden planet leans
Out of the rosy sunset sky,
When through the lovely evening calm
We wander, you and I.

Deep-purple shadows drape the hills
That melt in distance far away;
Around us forest, vale, and glen,
Are toned with tender gray.

A spring-time fragrance fills the air
Of wild-wood, orchard, hedge, and field;
We cannot tell what scent most sweet
The star-like blossoms yield.

We wander through the twilight land,
All wrapped in dew, dusk repose,
Until we gain the flowery bank
Past which the river flows.

Its restless current soon will sweep
Between your path and mine, sweetheart,
And we who stand together now
Shall then walk on apart.

But Love has forged about our lives
In many a link his golden chain,
And faith is strong that we shall meet
In joy who part in pain.

We pause beneath the drooping trees,
Where the sweet, tangled wild-flowers bloom,
While round our forms the dusky shades
Are deepening into gloom.

We say farewell, we kiss, we part,
O gentle lips! O fair, sad face,
Where lights and shadows softly blend
In wistful April grace!

I push my boat into the stream,
You wave your hand and say, "Good-by;"
The tender word floats out between
A tear, a smile, a sigh.

CHRISTIAN REID.

A BRIC-À-BRAC SÉANCE.

THERE was once a very pleasant party assembled in a house designed by Eastlake. The host was an artist with pre-Raphaelite tendencies, and the hostess was the most charming woman—in pale green, with damask roses in her hair—you can possibly imagine. The host used to like his friends to do quite as they chose all the long, sunshiny mornings, while he painted in an oak-roofed studio, but the hour before dinner he claimed his guests, and gave himself up to idle sociability in a way that made every one whom good fortune had brought to that sweet-scented region perfectly in harmony with Fate and tranquilly conscious that stores were being added to memory which time, distance, separation—those sad interruptions to all such sweet communings—could only enrich and make more dear.

There was a faint touch of Bohemianism supposed to be felt in the household. Not in its organization; by no means in any way which affected solid comfort and propriety. The friends used to say it was all because of the studio, with its quaint hangings and picturesque confusion. The hostess (who used, by-the-way, to be called *Romola*) dressed

just to please her husband's rather odd fancy, and this may have added to the effect; but *Romola's* dresses were really exquisite and excessively becoming, though I am inclined to think as much was due to her very gracious beauty as to the pale-hued, shining silks and dull-toned serges and cashmeres that she wore. She made a very wonderful effect altogether of an evening, sitting in a high-back carved chair, with her face turned prettily upon the open fire, which, partly because of a chill in the May twilights, partly because of the antique chimney-place, mine host liked to have kindled.

Every member of the company had some theory, some eminently nineteenth-century hobby to ride; and then the long drawing-room in which the party used to sit, or the studio, or any of the queerly-shaped, oddly-furnished rooms up-stairs and down through which they wandered, had an air which was so old and so new, and so delightfully confusing between pre-Raphaelism and Louis-Quinzism, and bric-à-bracism and Japonism, that there seemed to be a fitting background for any topic discussed. One of the party took the liberty of objecting to what he called the "anachoristic confusion" in the house, complaining of it as too much the order of the day. He was a very learned scientist, whose views were generalized as progressive. *Madam Romola* argued the point with the gentle, almost languid air with which she used to say many clever things. To her, she said, it seemed the most intense civilization; uniting the work of many lands—many periods. If she sat in an Elizabethan chair, with a Japanese hand-screen in a William Morris window, what a variety of thoughts might not be suggested by her surroundings!

"The nineteenth century stretching out many hands, seeing with many eyes, and feeling with many sympathies," said *Romola*, with her infantine smile.

The company consisted, besides the scientist, of a poet, a journalist, a young English lady, and an ignoramus, who was devoutly anxious to "grow upward in the light."

The drawing-room in which they used to sit was indeed worthy of note and memory: a long room, with deep, square windows and crimson-cushioned seats; wainscot and frescoed walls of a dull Egyptian red, and hung with pictures, each one a perfect study of its school. The light from one of the stained-glass windows used to fall with amber rays upon the figure of a triumphant angel, with uplifted eyes, and notes of praise upon her parted lips. Above one of the long, low bookcases was a "Blessed Damsel," which somebody who used to talk art in a mildly-discursive way, and smiling gravely the while at *Madam Romola's* pretty philosophies, had painted for this happy room. There was a strange look of madam in the "eyes" that were "deeper than the depth of waters stilled at even;" and once, when mine host was telling the company how many fresh impulses art might gain in this restless, roving, thoughtful century, and *Romola* looked up suddenly, the ignoramus could not forbear quoting:

"The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers."

Well, beyond the charm of stained-glass windows and pictured walls, there were the inlaid floor; the Persian rug, filling the centre of the room; the upright piano, always open—a delightful confusion of Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, suggested by the books and scattered music on the stand; the three-storied chimney-piece, a triumph of Eastlake's art; three of those long, low book-shelves, with crimson curtains swung on rings across them; an oak table and sofa; and deep-seated chairs, which the poet used laughingly to say were the doctrines of Eastlake completely defined—a religion of squares and solidity. Upon the book-shelves, brackets, chimney-piece, every available spot was given up to specimens of china, in which mine host was a connoisseur.

The ignoramus in that cheerful house might have gone away with a very chaotic idea of its treasures, and might have missed an opportunity for receiving some very entertaining instruction but for one fact—doleful *au commencement*, but delightful in the end. On a certain Monday morning it began to rain; and it rained all day, a gentle, drizzling shower, developing into streams of water, wild gusts of wind, which drove every one to the drawing-room hearth, where a huge log was lighted, although it was the end of May; and when Tuesday morning dawned in the same mournful fashion, the company began to calculate their resources, and in some way, how I cannot tell, they all agreed to sit about in the pretty room; and they told stories and discussed popular topics, and finally mine host was called upon to tell the history of some of his *bric-à-brac* treasures. One or two present knew all about china, from Egypt to England; but others knew a Dresden shepherdess from association only, and majolica from its hues alone, and would have been ready to believe that Böttcher founded the Italian manufactories, and that Palissy was encouraged by "Augustus Rex."

So mine host was willing to be communicative and instructive at once.

It seems natural enough to talk of *bric-à-brac*. The host has an agreeable faculty for description, and, as he stands before his cabinet and principal treasures, his face kindles with the warmth of affection, which connoisseurs bestow upon that for which they have journeyed, and spent time, money, and research. The journalist is inclined to a small show of contempt for antiquity, but where is the journalist who really appreciates yesterday?

"Date a bit of old china or a rickety table back two hundred years," he says, somewhat grandly, "and how enraptured the people of to-day become over it!"

"I don't know about that word rickety," objects somebody. "Tables made in those old days of firm walls and shaky heads were anything but rickety—"

"And Eastlake says," puts in *Romola*, whom they all suspect of a faint touch of sarcasm, "that the furniture of the present day is a profanation of household art."

"He," says the poet (whose province is to defend the picturesque, the ignoramus thinks)

—"he is only a crusader against the artificial, ornamental spirit of the times."

"What do you call ornament?" asks the ignoramus.

"Curves," says Romola, with a languid smile.

"Curves are really objectionable on certain Eastlakean grounds," urges the poet. "This incessant desire to curve everything the last twenty years," he says, "is ruinous to art and comfort. Chair-legs, sofa-backs, tables, everything that should be solid to be comfortable has been made weak and comfortless by means of curves."

"Among other ruins, then," says Romola, "we may include our educational idea of the line of grace."

"Education!" says the poet, with a meditative smile. "What babes we are! We really have to go back to the middle ages for our education!"

"A case of growing upward!" says madam, with that ineffably gracious air which is pictured yonder. "Are there really mediæval lights in which we stand glorious by reflection?"

"And will succeeding generations call us dark or light?" queries the ignoramus, who has been skirmishing among the cups and saucers; and then this inquisitive being takes up a vase of noble design and rich, harmonious colors. There are some Saracenic designs on the border, an air of Raphael Sanzio in the decoration.

"Majolica!" says the ignoramus, faintly.

"The embodiment of old majolica," says mine host.

"All early Italian *faience* is called majolica," says the scientist, energetically. But this specimen was from the factory patronized by Cosmo the Great.

"Caffagiolo?" says somebody. "Exactly. Luca della Robbia used to work there; and it is not his period which is known as the Italian Renaissance?"

"To quote Jacquemart," the host proceeds, "it is after this fashion the ware of that date may be recognized: the blue in light strokes, in mass, or laid on as a ground, is always dark, almost blackish; a bright orange-yellow, still more opaque, and having nothing analogous to it in other fabrics, harmonizes with the blue and comes out the better for being laid upon a very white enamel. The copper-green is peculiarly liquid and semi-transparent. These pieces are marked by the name of the manufactory, and the monogram composed of a P and I or S."

"But how often," says the young lady from Yorkshire, "one hears majolica called Raffaele ware!"

"Ah!" retorts mine host, turning his vase in better view, "because so many of the designs are supposed to be from Raffaele."

Mine host shows the company a Spanish jar manufactured for Charles III. when he brought workmen from his factory, Capo di Monte, in Naples. It is round at the base, with a pointed cover—a most elaborate design, with a picture of one of the weak-faced, indolent-looking monarchs of Spain upon the side—the mark is that of Charles III.'s factory—like two C's *dov-d-dov*, with a round mark to the right.

"Think of the old days of secret search after the art," says Romola; "I think I should not like to have been Böttcher or any one of those Meissen workers while Augustus kept them in such close captivity."

"Was that what in Dresden china is commonly called the King's period?"

"From 1701 to 1774—yes. Böttcher was in the employ of Augustus, the Elector of Saxony and King of Poland."

"Don't you know the story of his finding the long-sought-for clay?" cries the ignoramus, who has the mania of shallow minds for anecdote. "It appears that Böttcher was desperately anxious to make the discovery—Augustus kept him in pretty close captivity, having decided upon perfecting porcelain in his domain. Well, Böttcher's first discovery was of a paste for stoneware. Riding home one evening, his horse's hoofs stuck fast in something moist in the soil. On examination, he discovered a sort of Chinese kaolin, which proved to be the very sort of clay he needed. Happy accident always favored him; later his valet bought some hair-powder which seemed to Böttcher—who, by-the-way, could hardly have been a pleasant person to have about—to be heavy and useful. He tried it, and, behold, it was the one thing necessary to perfect his porcelain! Fancy how he must have danced his wig about!"

"The result of which is the lovely old Dresden china?"

"Exactly," says mine host, "I can show you some specimens." And forthwith there is brought into view a cup which the scientist takes, turning it upside down, and reading in a self-satisfied tone of voice, "A. R. Ah! then this is genuine King's china."

"I thought," says the poet, "Dresden china marked 'A. R.' was very common."

There is a difference in the marks, it appears. Meissen work for royalty in those early days has the mark usually in gold, with the crown; the finest specimens are painted from Chinese designs by Horoldt.

Other Dresden marks are various. The scientist has been going about among the Dresden pieces, and now produces a plate marked with crossed swords and stars. These, it happens, denote the Marcolini period. Marcolini superintended the Dresden factory from 1774 to 1814.

"How easily the art reached France," says the poet, "and found such sympathy in workmen and directors!"

"Early French manufactures," says some one, "are rather difficult to distinguish."

"Jacquemart again," says mine host. "Don't you know he tells us that the pale greens come from Beauvoises—the bright green from Saintes, La Chappelle, or Rennes."

"Nevertheless," puts in the scientist, somewhat aggressively, "they are difficult to decide about."

"Is this Henri Deux?" asks the journalist, holding up a plate with curious engraving, the lines seeming to be filled in with colored clays.

"Only a clever imitation," says mine host, regretfully. "In all of England there are only twenty-six genuine specimens."

"Don't you like to think of how Henri Deux were originated?" says the Yorkshire young lady. "Fancy a woman in 1520 establishing a pottery at Oiron—I like her very name—Hélène de Hangest-Genlis, Veuve Gouffier."

"It sounds," says the ignoramus, "as if she should have been tall and slender, with a dark-blue dress, and long, graceful arms; and I think, when she stood talking about her inventions, she held her head a little down-bent, but looked very straight from out her mild eyes. That seems to me what her name suggests."

They all laugh.

"I know a story about the Oiron factory," the ignoramus goes on, meekly. "It seems that there was to be painted for a certain nobleman a sample plate. He was a young count of most splendid appearance, very brave and noble, and when he rode through the town all the maidens sighed, and wondered whom he would choose for a bride. One among the number named Hilda, the daughter of a workman in the pottery, was surpassingly beautiful, but her father kept her so secluded that she was rarely seen, and it was only from a tiny pane in her casement that she ever saw the count, with his blond hair and white plumes waving in the sunshine. Hilda knew well that she was beautiful, yet she possessed much *naïve* simplicity. If the count could only have her picture, she thought, surely he would wonder who she was, and come in search of her. So when her father spoke of the plate to be designed for the young nobleman, a plan occurred to her. One morning she slipped out unseen, and presented herself at the pottery. She craved permission to see the superintendent. He was a very stern, grave man, it is said, and never smiled; but when he saw the potter's daughter something bright came into his old face. Hilda had removed her cap, and stood with all her brown hair falling on her shoulders, her soft blue eyes timidly uplifted, and a petition trembling on her lips. She had come to ask that her face might be painted on the count's sample porcelain. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the request which induced the old man to consent. So for one week she sat for the picture, while the chief workman of the Veuve Gouffier painted it."

The ignoramus pauses.

"Well," says the poet, impatiently, "I suppose it ended like all such stories: straightway the count saw it, he fell dead in love with her, sent for her father, and married her."

"You are right," proceeds the ignoramus, with an effort at dignity, "yet that is not all. During these voluntary sittings, Hilda and the artist had fallen desperately in love with each other. This was no case of ambition, or mere romance, such as her other aspirations had been. Day after day the poor artist painted his doom. He well knew the result. Even when he confessed his love, and Hilda tearfully, passionately acknowledged her own feelings, he knew that it was hopeless. By this time her father knew of his daughter's plan, and anxiously awaited the result. It

was as you said. The count and Hilda were wedded; but the same day Veuve Gouffier's best workman disappeared, and the newly-made countess was found seated before her mirror—dead."

"And the plate?"

"Some people say it is in one of the French collections, but at Oiron I was told that it was found at the dead bride's feet in a thousand fragments."

"Such a story only needs a ghost," says the journalist, breaking a momentary silence.

"There never was one, so far as I heard," says the ignoramus, pathetically.

"After all," says Romola, fondly, "the brief Henri Deux period is pretty, but French *faïence* to me means only Palissy or Sèvres. Palissy, working day and night for fifteen or sixteen years, producing that wonderful enamel; Palissy, remembering in a childish, aggrieved sort of way the persecutions he endured, is the most pathetic figure in the history of ceramics—just as Sèvres, with her royal encouragements and beautiful results, is the brightest and happiest."

"Kings and queens with Sèvres," says the poet; "despair and poverty with Palissy."

Mine host displays his Palissy dish: a plate with a row of yellow-and-green flowers; a centre of cream-color with raised blue flowers and yellow-lined petals. Palissy marks are uncertain and, in many instances, the eye of the connoisseur only can detect the genuine and distinguish imitations.

The journalist begins, laughing.

"I never shall forget," he says, "two men whom I saw at an auction-sale of *bric-à-brac*. Among other specimens was a Palissy dish—one of his favorite serpent borders with uncomfortable eels on a dark-green ground. The two men gazed upon it a moment in silence, when one said to the other: 'Who in the world did that?' 'Well,' said his companion, who had evidently been looking up the subject, 'that was done by a man named Palsy.' 'Who is he?' 'Oh, he's dead now! By Jove, how he worked! He used to get up at night, and burn up the furniture.' 'What did he do that for?' said the other, not seeing the connection between such an insane performance and the ceramic art. 'Well—don't you see?—to light his fire; and he went hungry and cold, and lost all his money, and got sick, and hadn't no friends, and finally succeeded, and what a fuss he made then!' His listener looked at the dish a moment in contemptuous silence. 'And do you mean to say,' he said, finally, 'Palsy bust himself up that way to make such a looking thing as that?' 'Palsy was the man!' said the other, with a chuckle."

"What would he have thought," says Romola, "of my foolish husband giving two hundred and fifty dollars for his Palissy specimen last year?" (1874).

"And thankful to get it," says mine host, fondly.

The ignoramus has been studiously regarding a plate, delicate, yet distinct in color, a border like lacework, and decorated in the centre with a cornucopia or horn, whence issues a wreath of graceful flowers. The

ignoramus meekly holds it up before mine host.

"Ah, my precious Rouen plate!" he exclaims. "The style known as *à la Corne*. Date, about 1535. Is it not very French in air? They are so happy in their devices of flowers and delicate landscapes, and so many early Rouennais specimens have this preëminently French lacework for ornament!"

And before the Sèvres samples are reached, some one takes up a Lille plate, very fanciful and pretty, the work of the ingenious potter Febrier or his son-in-law, Bronsenart.

"Lille marks," explains the scientist (who seems to have entered by tacit arrangement into partnership with mine host), "are many—Doré, Masquelier," etc., etc. But Lille is comparatively young. Mine host bought this plate in London for two pounds. But prices are impossible to regulate in china. The same specimen may, changing owners, vary in price each time—a Bow cup the ignoramus once saw having been sold once for ten shillings, and again for four pounds.

And when they reach the few specimens of Sèvres, the poet remarks how vaguely people usually talk of Sèvres and its foundation. "At a dinner the other night," he says, "an old lady near me talked of it as if Charlemagne had dined over its plates and saucers."

"It being the fashion now to discuss such things," says the Yorkshire lady, "people think if they speak in a pronounced way of *old Sèvres*, and *old Bow*, and *old Worcester*, they are all right, and *old*, of course, must mean the middle ages."

Mine host, for the benefit of the ignoramus, tells how the royal factory of France was first established in 1753 at Vincennes, under the patronage of Louis Quinze. "The mark is two L's, crossed and accompanied by letters of the alphabet, to indicate the years from 1753 to 1792. Sèvres marks are innumerable, as every artist had his specialty, and put his own mark; but, thank fortune, says mine host, with the assistance of Mrs. Bury Palliser, and Jacquemart, and Chaffers, they can be readily distinguished. The factory soon removed from Vincennes to Sèvres. The greatest restrictions were put upon other workshops and workmen. They were forbidden to produce wares except in *cameau*." (And here the ignoramus begs for a definition, and the scientist says, in an aside, to which everybody listens, "*Painting in a single color*," giving the information with a friendly suggestion of "Mention anything else you'd like to know," etc.)

"Think of those days," sighs the poet, "when all that could be found of genius, art, skill, was brought to design and manufacture at Sèvres, and they made everything, from church decorations to inkstands!"

"What are the early Sèvres marks?" the journalist inquires.

"Well, a connoisseur can readily detect imitation. There were the hues: the pink, known as *Pompadour*; the *bleu du roi*, with tiny lines of gold; the *vert pause*—nothing can exceed the exquisite finish and artistic coloring of early Sèvres work."

"A friend of mine," says the poet,

"bought an exquisite Sèvres plate, supposing it to be a hard-paste Vincennes specimen of 1754. Every one admired it as such, when he discovered from a celebrated dealer that only soft paste was manufactured at Vincennes and at Sèvres until 1765. He had paid two hundred dollars for it as such an early specimen, for all its cracks and imperfections."

"Why is it," says mine host, going up to a cabinet with glass doors, through which some very useful, comfortable-looking ware is seen, "that I take such a deep satisfaction in English ware?"

"*À la mode!*" laughs Romola; "not a bit of it. About a jug of Chelsea or Derby there is a charm which is indescribable."

"Which is the oldest English manufactory?" says the ignoramus.

"I believe it is a question between Bow and Chelsea," says the scientist. "The date is early in the last century. One Thomas Craft used to imitate the Japanese in those days at Bow. The Bow marks of that period are an arrow with the letters O and E crossing it, or a cross with an O above it and a dot on either side. Chelsea signs are anchors single and double. Chelsea went out in 1769, or was transferred to Duesbury, of Derby."

"This is a Chelsea jug," says mine host, taking up a heavy-looking pitcher, with figures in relief.

"And here is a Worcester cup," says some one, bringing forward a cup of yellowish white with delicate blue tracery. The Worcester mark is a square covered with triangular marks.

"What is that W and what is this crown on the saucer?"

"The W stands for the name of the founder of Worcester, one Dr. Wall; early pieces have frequently his initial; and the crown signifies that in 1788 the king visited the factory, after which the crown was also used."

"But of all English art, Wedgwood is assuredly the loveliest. Those wonderful cameo-like figures on pale blue—the delicate traceries—Josiah Wedgwood was certainly inspired!"

Then are produced Wedgwood pieces, some marked "Wedgwood," others "Wedgwood & Bentley;" Staffordshire cups of 1670 with the mark of Thomas Toft; some exquisite Minton tiles of 1800; later Minton china, marked "Minton & Boyle;" some Derby china with a mark of crossed swords uncommonly like a Meissen mark.

"English china always suggests a cup of tea and a comfortable hearth," says Romola; "one thinks more of its uses and domestic suggestions."

"Just as early Italian ware seems to mean adornment of stately palaces," says the ignoramus. "If it were not an anachronism I could fancy Juliet ate marchpane off of one of Della Robbia's plates."

"To me, English china means the Georges and Horace Walpole," says the young lady from Yorkshire. "Don't you remember the mania in his day for china—the dear, delightful china monsters which he admires in his friends' drawing-rooms?"

"How it pleased him! Who was that man he visited who had such a mania for *bric-à-brac*? I remember his having a pair of filigree tongs. It always seemed as absurdly incongruous as a pair of candy bellows."

"That was Lord Dysart," says Romola; "Walpole described him as living in pomp and tatters—and isn't *bric-à-brac* a sort of luxurious ruin?"

"*Bric-à-brac*!" says mine host, with a meditative smile—"inclusive topic! How much we might all find to say about it! Brass, bedsteads, book-shelves, screens! Invest the furniture about you with a history and special significance, and how delightful your rooms appear!"

"Alas! that time should govern us!" says Romola, as the clock-hands move with silent warning to midnight.

And when the company disperse this evening, the storm has cleared away, and the ignoramus, going up-stairs, finds a peaceful stream of moonlight in the studio, whose hospitable doors stand open. There are strange dreams of *bric-à-brac*, in which Pallissy's flowers and serpents insist upon establishing themselves upon Sèvres ware; and Luca della Robbia dances about with a grim smile to the music of Hélène de Hangest-Genlis, Veuve Gouffier.

The day breaks, however, gloriously; and all the company meet with cheerful greetings. It is a wonderful morning. Where is there a thrill so sweet, so tender, as that given by the sunshine of a June morning? The gardens are blooming a cheerful response to the welcome the sky spreads overhead. There are suggestions of daffodils, and primroses, and buttercups, and a bank whereon wild-thyme perchance is growing in the air. Shakespeare's sonnets seem in harmony with the day, and the ignoramus feels in harmony with them. This humble creature finds Romola in the breakfast-room at an open window, arranging damask roses in a vase; and her dress is in long, sweeping folds of gray, and, with her face bent above the flowers, she makes a picture such as mine host hung upon the Academy walls last year.

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen," quotes the ignoramus, tenderly.

Madam Romola looks up and laughs, with the color of the roses in her cheeks.

"Don't you believe we've all been dreaming about old china?" she says, in a moment; "and certainly Ariel is about to-day."

"It was a definite sort of dreaming," says this commonplace ignoramus.

"But, surely," says Romola, with her eyes upon the garden, "sunshine is the enemy of *bric-à-brac*."

L. C. W.

ABOUT LONDON.

IV.

THE LONDON METROPOLITAN MEAT-MARKET.

IT is a curious and by no means uninteresting study to reflect upon the subsistence of a great city. Most of us are familiar with the accounts of the sufferings of the

people of Paris during the siege, in the days antecedent to the Commune. A city comprised within a circuit of twenty-two miles, with a population numbering not far short of two millions, was on the point of being compelled into submission through the almost total failure of its food-supplies. It seems hardly possible to realize such a state of things: that the great French capital, abounding as it does in so many evidences of plentifulness and luxury, and to every outward appearance so rich in internal resources, should have the lives of its inhabitants imperiled for a single day, even during a state of war, for the want of the common necessities of daily existence. The fact is, the machinery of the city's life, in the ordinary way, runs so smoothly that few of us trouble to examine into its wonderful mechanism. Day by day it rolls along without the slightest complication or hitch, and none are inquisitive enough to stay and ask, Who sets this machinery in motion, by whom is it governed, where do its extensive ramifications begin, and where do they end; who stands by to watch that none of its elaborate motive powers get out of order? It is the only piece of machinery in the whole world gifted, as it seems, with the power of perpetual motion. The more smoothly does the machinery run, the less interest do the public feel in its working. But by-and-by comes a time when a crank-pin flies loose, and forthwith the city is in commotion. Few of us, happily, have experienced the terrible results of famine. Few of us, indeed, can form the smallest conception of what positive want of the mere common necessities of life means. But imagine, for the moment, failure of the food-crops at home, delay in obtaining food-supplies from abroad, and a period of general trade-depression such as has been experienced, in time of war, by most countries—the United States and England among the number—imagine such a sea of troubles, and try to fathom its depths by the light of our common experience in the way of misery when a water-main freezes, a few bakers go out on strike, or the hack-drivers refuse to ply for hire, and we have the smallest possible idea of what is meant by the whole city being without its daily supply of food. What a deep-toned howl of anguish rushes from the public throat when a slight trouble touches the whole body of the citizens simultaneously! What must be its force when that trouble takes the shape of a wholesale pinching of the people's stomach for want of meat and drink! Here a wealthy English nobleman, and a great colliery-proprietor to boot, in a moment of pique closes one of his largest coal-pits, and sturdily refuses to open it again during his lifetime, to show his colliers that he, for one, is not to be cowed by trades-unionism. And what does this mean? It might mean a general rise in the price of coals throughout England; it actually means a continued duration in present high prices throughout the country, which is almost equally as bad.

Now let us see whom this one act of an individual member of the community affects. It affects railroad and steamboat companies, iron and gas companies, and indirectly the

large and small shareholders in each; it touches ever so many other corporations, not to mention hosts of large manufacturing houses using steam for the purposes of their business; it plays havoc, in a sense, with such small fry as struggling hardware-dealers, printers, metal-workers, brewers, distillers, and the like; and finally it seriously affects the not very rich and the very poor. In fact, it more or less sensibly influences every branch and stem of the community—a simple illustration of the wide-spread consequences of a single failure in the accurate working of the complicate machinery governing public life. In this illustration the effects may be said to be so extended as to produce an almost infinitesimal degree of harm; but confine these effects within the limits of a city—plant Lord Fitzwilliam's colliery in the middle of London, and close the pit's mouth—and the consequences would be something disastrous. Now apply this illustration to the matter of food. Shut off one great source of supply of a city's food—close the gates of the great central market whence the people have been accustomed to draw their daily supplies of meat—and what would be the consequences? This brings us to the consideration of the main topic of this article—a description of the great central meat-market of London.

Twenty millions sterling is the ascertained value of the meat which London consumes annually—one hundred million dollars' worth of meat every year. Prodigious! Somewhere in excess of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth a day! Where does it all come from? Very nearly one-half of the total quantity consumed is home-supplied, the remainder is imported; and Americans may possibly like to learn that some portion comes from the United States, and that the writer has it on the personal authority of the superintendent contractor of the great meat-market which he is now about to describe that "it comes in excellent condition, and is sold to the West End butchers"—that is to say, to refined and appreciative London—"in competition with prime Scotch beef." These are the actual words of the superintendent contractor, jotted down at the time by the writer of this article, who reproduces them here to settle a vexed point as to the general condition of the meat received into London after crossing the Atlantic. The Metropolitan Meat-Market at Smithfield is the great central depot in London, where the daily trafficking in this enormously valuable portion of the city's food-supply takes place. It is scarcely necessary to describe the locality. Not to seem cynical, the uses to which Smithfield—which, by-the-way, signifies a smooth plain or open space, the word "Smith" being a corruption of the Saxon *smeth*, or smooth—has been put in days gone by have been various. As early as 1219, it was used as a place of execution for criminals, and it seems to have stuck steadily to this species of unpleasant notoriety for two or three centuries. A polished granite slab in the wall of Bartholomew's Hospital, facing the eastern end of the market, notifies the wayfarer that "within a few feet of this spot John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, and

others, suffered death by fire in the years 1555, 1556, 1557;" and our deceased, time-honored friend, Wat Tyler, was knocked on the head by Will Walworth, the lord-mayor, for rebelling against the authority of Richard II., not a hundred yards distant. Tournaments and jousts without number have been held by Plantagenet kings within Smithfield's boundaries. The city 'prentices and their friends were wont to keep high feast and holiday and practise archery where now stands, opposite the main avenue of the market, that great modern despoiler of all traditional association—a goods' station of a railroad. Legions of cowed monks and learned friars of orders gray, with priors and bishops, have passed beneath the time-worn and

"*Falstaff*. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield; an I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived."—HENRY IV., Part II., Act I., Scene 2.

Finally, the uses of Smithfield in this last respect have so little altered that where from the year 1150 to the year 1852 the people around London brought to market, and bought and sold, their live stock, their horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, they now, in the year 1876, bring to market, and buy and sell, their meat.

But a vast alteration has been made in the aspect of Smithfield Market since the year 1852. A magnificent covered space, with spacious avenues, and roomy stalls, pro-

six hundred and forty-one feet; in width two hundred and forty-six feet. Four towers mark the angles of the building, the basements of these being utilized as telegraph and post offices, and also as refreshment-rooms, given over to the providing of cooked food for the thousands who daily make use of the market. A splendid covered main roadway, elliptical in form, some fifty feet in width, divides the place into equal parts; the shops being arranged on each side of the six side-avenues which cross the building from north to south, intersecting the principal avenue which we see in the engraving. The scene at Smithfield on a market-morning is almost indescribable. As early as the hour after midnight the meat is being brought in by



SMITHFIELD MEAT-MARKET.

sacred walls of the famous hospital of St. Bartholomew on their way to the precincts of the no less famous sanctuary of the Charter House, hard by. To write of more recent times, the frolic and old-time revelry of St. Bartholomew Fair have resounded within, and played about the by-passages and curiously-old streets of the modern Smithfield. Its broad, open space, so far as seven centuries ago, suggested to the citizens the convenience of utilizing the place as a "live market." It is perhaps hardly necessary to allude to the fact of Shakespeare mentioning this spot in such connection in one of his historical plays:

"*Falstaff*. Where's Bardolph?

"*Pag*. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

vided with every modern luxury in the way of securing light without sunshine, and ventilation without rain or snow, has taken the place of the disgusting open-air shambles of the Smithfield of old. A meat-market worthy of London has been erected in the very heart of the great city. Taken altogether, we should say that there is no such other building used as a meat-market existing anywhere; that is to say, in point of spaciousness, for light, ventilation, accommodation, and general architectural effect. Our engraving furnishes an excellent idea of the appearance of one of its principal avenues. In shape the building stands a huge but light and graceful parallelogram of brickwork, iron, and glass, covering a space of three and a half acres. In extreme length it measures

innumerable vans and butchers' carts—the superintendent told the writer that he had the curiosity to have these counted upon one occasion, and found no fewer than eleven hundred vans and carts standing around the building at one time—which turn and turn about, shoot out on to the pavements material for countless Homeric banquets. In the glare of myriads of gas-lights busy, stalwart, and, truth to say, greasy, ill-looking, and foul-mouthed men are to be seen hurrying to and fro with lordly barons of beef, whole sheep, and fat pigs, which in the shortest of brief moments are borne away and attached to the great steel hooks depending from the cast-iron framework surrounding the shops, to await the coming critical eye of the master retail butcher. In comely row upon row

of well-looking fat and lean the spoils of countless flocks and herds await this ordeal. Meanwhile men in battalions are working like pygmies beneath the earth. Were it possible to peep through the pavement of the building, an extraordinary scene would be visible—extraordinary, because no one standing in Smithfield Market would suppose that underneath it was an immense vault (a vault from which one hundred and seventy-two thousand tons of earth had to be excavated) occupied by a vast cobweb of railroad-tracks. The Metropolitan line of railroad, the Midland, the London, Chatham & Dover, and the Great Western, are in direct communication with this great meat-depot, to the incalculable convenience of every one living within London. To this great subterranean supply-station come trucks laden with meat from the metropolitan *abattoirs* and from more distant Scotland, and let us hope—if, even, for the selfish reason that it must open up a new international industry which will have the effect of lessening the price of meat to the countless English poor—in due course of time will come from the docks of the Atlantic steamship companies laden with beef from America. By admirable mechanical contrivances the ponderous masses of juicy beef from the north of England, and fine-grained mutton from the Southdowns, are hoisted to the level of the floor above, at a very notable saving of cartage, portage, and human labor generally. Butcher-men seize the loads as they appear at the surface, and bear them off to their respective owners in the market. From one o'clock on Saturday morning—for the matter of that, on four mornings out of six, to be strictly accurate—until four o'clock of the same morning does the meat which is to satisfy the appetites of the million or two citizens of London proper for the next day come in in great quantities into this Smithfield Market. For three busy hours of the night are men employed here, about the streets, in the main avenues, in the side-avenues, up and down the roadways, and in the railroad-cellars beneath, carrying about meat and arranging it in rows in the market-shops to await the coming of the retail butcher—for be it understood that Smithfield is, strictly speaking, the wholesale market of London, except on the one evening of the week of which we shall have something to say presently. At six o'clock sharp come the retail butchers of the metropolis, well-to-do men, with their wits sharpened by an hour's drive in the keen morning air, who examine and re-examine, and examine still again, the lately-arrived morning's supplies. There is very little shifting of prices in Smithfield—as a general thing they rule firm, and, unfortunately for consumers, high. The retail butchers supplying the little towns of suburban London are an independent body of men; they carry their money, in rolled notes and gold, in their breeches-pocket; they know well their customers, and they intend to deal, and do deal with their wholesale friends, without fear or favor. The market is an open market, the meat to be sold is well exposed to view, and there is probably not an eighth of a penny per pound difference in price to be realized

throughout the building. It is only a question of quality with the buyers. Not altogether so with the sellers, who know that East End London cannot possibly be so well up in the trade of meat-buying as West End London, which has served a long apprenticeship to it, and stands confessed as the great authority on beef and mutton. We have only to look at the clubs and great mansions of the nobility settled round the London parks to be assured of this. Your noble lord, generally a breeder himself, to say nothing of your club dining-room *habitué*, knows to a shade what the color of well-bred beef should be, and he can tell also to a nicety the flavor of Dartmoor mutton. The West End London butchers have therefore to be careful in their selections. From six o'clock until nine o'clock, and well on sometimes into midday, do the retail dealers traffic with the wholesale men in the great building. And very rarely also does the incoming meat-supply cease during all this time. A little after noon a lull in the buying and selling takes place, and then, taking a stroll round the market, the visitor may note the exceeding thinness of the array of quarters of beef and carcasses of mutton as compared with the early morning. Most of it has gone. On a modest calculation, one hundred thousand dollars' worth of meat has changed owners since the morning. The thousand or so vans and carts have vanished from the open spaces, like the goods-trucks on the railroad-track from the subterranean depot below. Smithfield is at dinner, and at peace.

On Saturday evening the consumer in person comes into the market. Smithfield then becomes a gigantic retail butcher's shop. The "consumer in person" is generally the thrifty woman-of-all-work, the artisan and his wife, the laboring man, the not-too-wealthy professional man, and the father of hungry little ones. These good people—albeit, occasionally, we fear, but penny-wise and pound-foolish—perambulate the wide avenues of the place and make choice of their dinner for the morrow. Much bargaining goes on; a few attempts to beat down the sellers on the part of more than usually independent female buyers take place, stoutly resisted, be it said, in impudent language by still more independent butcher-lads; and there is a general trafficking in the less choice pieces of meat, beef and mutton scraps, odds and ends, calves' heads, tails (a very delicate morsel of beef, by-the-way, is an ox-tail), and so forth, until very nearly midnight. Shoulders of mutton—possibly because the joint goes excellently well with appetizing, not to say savory, onion-sauce—seemed to be in the greatest demand with frugal Londoners. We noticed that mutton-shoulders sold as ten to one in comparison with other joints of meat on the Saturday evening we were present at the late market. Legs of pork stood next on the list—here again the soothing influence of the onion, intermixed though it be with fragrant sage, comes in; and we should say that, after these two very reputable joints, your "consumer in person" cared mostly for the neck of mutton, in view, no doubt, of its admirable qualities as the cheap foundation of a toothsome hotch-potch, or

Scotch broth for the "young uns." Many and great and boisterous enough, and slangy enough, were the efforts made by the butchers to inveigle the "consumer in person" into buying. "Buy! buy!! buy!!! The old shop here; sixteen ounces to the pound!" We heard one fellow shouting at the top of his voice. "Buy up what you can eat, ladies and gentlemen!" bawled another greasy ruffian; "buy up what you can eat; the mutton in this shop down to sixpence!" "I'll take ninepence for the lot! Now, who'll give me ninepence for the lot? Say eightpence, then, for all this lot of beautiful beefscraps!" howled another fellow. "Perfect pictures! perfect pictures, I say! These beautiful shoulders" (everything seems to be beautiful with your butcher, possibly because he happens to be dealing all his life in the most unpleasant-looking and hideous objects)—"all these beautiful shoulders at sevenpence 'a penny—at sevenpence 'a penny!—Thank you, sir," to the consumer who has bought—"thank you, sir.—Another shoulder here, Jack," to the attendant ill-looking butcher-lad. And so the trafficking goes on from midday to midnight until all London—except, alas! the very poor, and these remain, unfortunately, in heavy regiments waiting to be served, but never are served—has been supplied with meat, and no joints depend from the steel hooks in Smithfield Market.

It is a marvelous place of business, is this Smithfield. Looking over the official report of Mr. Stephens, the superintendent of the market, we find that during December of last year very nearly sixteen thousand tons of meat were delivered at the gates, and that no fewer than thirteen hundred tons have been received in a single day. The revenue to the city from tolls and rents approaches very nearly to the respectable sum of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars annually. And be it borne in mind that all the meat which is received into London does not pass through Smithfield Market. Numbers of the great retail butchers kill for themselves. Immense quantities are delivered direct from the country; and some butchers import direct from abroad. Still, the supply of meat to London will probably never be equal to the demand until a very great improvement is effected in the agriculture of the country. Let American cattle-breeders think over this, and make a note of the fact mentioned in this paper, that American beef has been received into Smithfield Market in such fine condition that it was actually sold for, and probably eaten by, a great number of knowing old club gourmards in West London as Scotch beef—the very best and most expensive meat that comes into Smithfield Market.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

ORESTES AND I.

"WHAT are you looking for?" said I to Orestes, who was fumbling among the books on the library-table.

"For a jewel I have lost."

"Was it a diamond?" said I.

"No; a pearl above all price. It was my belief in human nature!"

"Oh now, Orestes, I cannot help you to search for that, for I do not believe you ever had such of an ownership in it."

"No; I was an enthusiast, no perfectionist; but I did believe a little in the dignity of human nature until the last two years."

"Well, there has been some reason for disillusion. Still one must turn to the bright spots—one must read of the sublime courage of those Sisters of Charity over at Brooklyn the other day, who ran to the rescue of their poor people, and were wounded and burned themselves. Think of a delicate woman taking a blind old pauper from his bed, and carrying him down-stairs on her back! It is a more beautiful picture than that of the stalwart Bohemian princess who carried her lover out of the courtyard, lest his feet should print the snow. Pity and compassion are nobler than love; so do not despair, Orestes—all is not lost."

"No; but I do not want to think that virtue hides itself in hospitals; it is easy for a woman to be good when she has renounced the world and shut out the passions. I want people to be decently honest and good who have done neither."

"You are quite sure that one *does* shut out the passions in convents, hospitals, and monasteries?"

"Yes; such passions as ambition, and avarice, love of splendor, love of show, and the pride of life."

"But people have not often to contend with all these at once."

"Some had, and have fallen."

"Yes; and some have encountered all this, and more, and have stood firmly. Count up your unwounded and your living, and they outnumber your dead."

"Yet I weep more over one dead character than I rejoice over a hundred living ones."

"That is natural, but still it is absurd. Here we are fighting the battle of life, the air full of unseen foes, our own hearts traitors to our best intentions, life as much a scene of combat from the cradle to the grave as was Waterloo, and yet we are astonished that a few fall, while we ought to wonder that any or half of the combatants survive."

"No," replied Orestes; "I do not agree with you. After all, it is not I who disbelieve in human nature—it is *you*. I believe we are given a sufficient backbone, a noble integrity, by Nature, a brain which has the power to hold the passions in check. I think we are intended to be strong, and good, and decent people; and when one, two, three of my friends go down, and that at a mature age, after the passions of youth are conquered, after reason has reached maturity, then I weep, and lose my faith in human nature."

"Your tears, Orestes, I confess, would be those of a strong man; and such are always wrung with difficulty from the heart; they are painful to see. I do not feel any too well myself to-day about the downfall of character; but I think the saddest part of it all is to see the pleasure that it causes to certain others, *not yet found out*. That, to me, is the worst of it. The human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, and I am

only too glad when I find I have conquered a temptation to be happy when I hear that another has yielded to it."

"I never had a temptation to commit certain low and mean crimes," said Orestes.

"No, you had not; but you have had a temptation, and have yielded to it, to be very carping and critical, very severe and very much inclined to look down on the 'sins you have no mind to.'"

"Thanks, gentle critic! You are very amiable this morning. Haven't *you* lost something—let us say your temper?"

"Yes, Orestes; I am convicted. I *have* lost my temper. First, I have lost a friend of twenty years' standing, a man I knew, respected, believed in. He has gone off to the land of dishonor; that makes me sad; and then those friends of his who change immediately into enemies, they make me angry. I have not lost my faith in human nature, however; but I am sorry to see this exhibition of its weaker side. Why not 'hate the sin and love the sinner?' I do not immediately turn away from the love I felt. I *cannot* suppose the young woman whose soft hand I held last week, whose beauty I admired, whose amiability I loved, does something dreadfully wrong. Shall I drop her, discard her, hate her? Shall I not rather hold her soft hand the more, and try to lead her back?"

"No; I do not like soft hands that do dishonorable things," said Orestes. "They hold the happiness and the respectability of this world in their grasp."

"Ah!" said I, "you are betraying yourself, Orestes. Then soft, fair, honest hands are real things—they *do* exist, and you love them, Orestes? I—"

"Nonsense! I don't want to be snapped up so. You said, to begin with, that I had never had much belief in the better side of human nature. I acknowledge I was early disenchanted. I saw behind the hollowness of this thing we call respectable society. I saw early that what was vice in poor Sally Brown at the poor end of the street was not vice in Miss Ida Montmorency at the rich end of the street. I saw that if a rich man's son did a fraudulent thing it was condoned, glossed over, and called youthful indiscretion; I saw that if a poor man's son did the same thing he went to jail for it. I saw Mrs. Cherimoya flirt, and deceive her husband, and lead a bad life, and be sustained in it; and I saw a poor clerk's pretty wife utterly despised and cast out because she yielded for a moment to the flatteries of a well-bred man of the world. I saw, in fact, that vice and goodness, or perhaps I should say goodness and evil, are not positive terms—they do not mean the law of conscience, or the mandates of God; they mean simply what the reigning class means to call them, and as long as you are rich and powerful and influential, as long as you keep on a mask of respectability, you can do anything evil, and still be a personage of importance, having all the value of character."

"Well, Orestes, is not that very mask of respectability the tribute which vice pays to virtue?"

"Yes, in a measure—the sort of worship which the high-priests of Jupiter pay him in 'La Belle Hélène' when they look at the offerings and say, 'Trop des fleurs, pas d'agneaux.' So I got to despise social ostracisms, and to believe that a person who is under a ban may be much the best of us all."

"That has happened before now, I believe," said I.

"Yes; we have all lived to see the scales jump, and him who weighed heaviest become lightest; but, in spite of my scorn of what I considered, and consider still, the snobishness of human criticism, I had a very great belief in certain characters. I have seen some of them go down, and I have found that forty years of virtue—nay, fifty—may be no safeguard, and I confess I don't like it."

"No, we don't like failure and disappointment, and I confess we have to take a great deal of them. I have always been sorry that Longfellow wrote 'Evangeline,' for there hope deferred and the failure of the strongest affection became a gospel. That desperate fate which gives us everything else and keeps from us our heart's desire, how maddening it is!"

"Yes. Who is it who says, 'The choir of life has lost one note. Who has got it—what angel of heaven, what demon of hell, has stolen it? Is it better for us, or worse, that the chord is always imperfect? We go searching for it forever—happy for us if the quest leads us upward!' One thing is quite certain—we could none of us *live* if we saw life mapped out before us. We must take it as it comes—piecemeal."

"Do you join in this universal cry that dishonesty is more common now than formerly?" I asked.

"I think," said Orestes, wandering off to his beloved statistics, "that certain crimes seem to flourish in certain ages of the world, and that stealing seems to be the fashionable crime just now. Poisoning had its day, and a very brilliant day it was. It was the era of Lucretia Borgia, Brinvilliers, Catharine de' Medici. There was generally a beautiful woman in the matter, but it was contagious, and men did not hesitate. Now a man or a woman who would not hesitate to misappropriate a hundred thousand dollars would very much object to mixing arsenic in my whiskey-punch. You see fashions change in crimes as well as in bonnets."

"Are not the lines of property less clearly defined than they used to be?"

"The terms *meum* and *tuum* and many others are becoming confused, I think. The expenditures of a great war, the planning of vast enterprises, the unfolding of a great, unexpected wealth—all these things disturb the arithmetic of thrift and honesty which humbler earnings, less sudden gains, and less exciting times, leave clear and plain."

"And yet Francis Bacon had none of these temptations. 'Why,' says Falgrave—'why suppress the lesson afforded by the depravity of the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind'—him whose defilements teach us that the most transcendent intellectuality is consistent with the deepest turpitude?"

"Exactly what I have been saying," said

Orestes; "only you never listen. It is the downfall of such as he that spoils my belief in human nature. I remember, a few years ago, some one saying to me that he had not found the 'professedly pious' people cheerful people, that the people who, in their own language, had 'found a hope' were the most gloomy and grave people in the community, and he argued ill for that system of religious belief which, while opening the most heavenly door of cheerfulness, still left its believers sad and unhappy. Now, I argue somewhat in the same vein of disparagement. If forty years of good, honest life do not give you a right to trust a man, what does?"

"Call no man happy until he is dead. Death alone closes a man's account, and sets a seal upon his actions."

"Yes, that is a good quotation; but after a man is dead I have no use for him. I want him to be alive, and to be of invariable rectitude. I want to trust him with bags of untold gold, and then to receive back mine own with usury."

"There are such characters, and many of them," said I.

"Yes," replied Orestes (who always says "yes" in an acrid and horseradish manner, as if he meant fifty thousand "noes")—"yes; but there used to be more of them."

"We must come back to Dr. Johnson, don't you think so? 'Yet such is the state of all moral virtue that it is always uncertain and variable, sometimes extending to the whole compass of duty, and sometimes shrinking into a narrower space and fortifying only a few avenues of the heart, while all the rest is left open to the incursions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedness.' I think we sometimes do our friends great injustice by creating a character for them; believing them stronger than they are, we then blame them for being less noble than our ideal. No man is so great as the ideal of him in the breast of the woman who loves him. No father is so good as his children believe him to be. No friend—no Jonathan is what his David thinks him. To get at the true perception of character, one should take an average of the opinions of one's friends and one's foes. The delightful exaggeration of affection is apt to demand a superiority which does not exist; therefore, when the idol is found out to be of wood, we smash it in our disgust and disappointment."

"We are all going through that alternate hot and cold atmosphere, all our lives," said Orestes. "The boy leaves his doting mamma to go to college tutors and professors, who cannot be said to particularly dote on their pupils. The man leaves his wife, who thinks him a Magnus Apollo, to go downtown where no such complimentary opinion holds good. The woman leaves her husband's side to go from the home where she is an empress in her own right into a woman's meeting, where every one meets her with looks which are, to say the least, askance, or she goes to a party to find every other woman handsomer or better dressed than herself."

"I see the sneer, Orestes, and I hear the words 'better dressed.' I suppose you

are going to preach a sermon on that topic now, are you not?"

"No; I think that sermon has preached itself! I, and other great orators, can afford to be silent there."

"We are very thankful, Orestes, for your temporary silence! It is a curious instance, however, of the radiation of an idea from a high point—the effect the *throne* have upon dress. A beautiful empress, twenty years presiding at the Tuileries, revolutionized dress, and made it impossible for Sally Brown up at Cranberry Centre to dress plainly."

"Sally Brown should have shown more character."

"Impossible, when the fashions travel by telegraph!"

"The mass are the tools of circumstance—thistle-down on the breeze, straw on the river; their course is shaped for them by the currents and eddies of the stream of life—but only in proportion as they are *things*, not men and women. Man was meant to be, not the slave, but the *master* of circumstance; and in proportion as he recovers his humanity in every sense of the obsolete word, in proportion as he gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself—a god above himself—so far will he rise above circumstances and wield them at his will."

"That is very fine, indeed," said I. "That cannot be your own, Orestes?"

I was busy with my embroidery, and had not noticed that Orestes was reading from a book.

"No, that is not mine; when you say a good thing, it is generally from Emerson; when I read a good thing, it is apt to be from Charles Kingsley. There was a man! There was a character! Alas! that Death had set his seal upon it!"

"I cannot contradict you on that subject, Orestes, for I loved him and revered him. So Charles Kingsley said that, did he? I don't see that we can say much more."

"We might fight a little about the future, couldn't we? Suppose we try to make the character of the future statesman a more robust thing than it has been lately? Suppose you propose a plan by which 'all men shall be brave and honest, and all women virtuous?'"

"The Montmorency motto, or was it the Condé? The proudest motto ever borne on escutcheon! I shall go to my dear Dickens for that recipe. He says: 'Hang me all the thieves in Gibbet Street, and the place will be crammed with fresh tenants in a week; but catch me up the young thieves from the gutter and the door-steps, take Jonathan Wild from the breast, send Mrs. Sheppard to Bridewell, but take hale young Jack out of her arms; teach and wash me this young, unkempt, vicious colt, and he will run for the virtue stakes yet; take the young child, the little lamb, before the great Jack Sheppard ruddles him and folds him for his own black fold in Hades; give him some soap instead of whipping him for stealing a cake of brown Windsor; teach him the Gospel instead of sending him to the treadmill for haunting chapels, and purloining prayer-

books out of pews; put him in the way of filling shop-tills instead of transporting him when he crawls on hands and knees to empty them—let him know that he has a body made for something better than to be kicked, bruised, chained, pinched with hunger—'"

"Yes," said Orestes (one of his worst "yeses"—it sounded like a hiss!); "you are describing the low order of criminal; mine are men who had pious mothers, good homes, happy surroundings; they lived good lives until, as I said before, the age of temptation was passed, and then they fell! How shall we educate our children to prevent that final downfall, that late relapse, that dying fall?"

"Orestes, you are preaching the logic of despair! How can I tell you? How can I answer such a dreadful question? I should say the study of the truth, if that were not a vague answer."

"Men are apt to prefer a prosperous error to an afflicted truth," said Orestes, quoting Jeremy Taylor.

"But all truth is not afflicted," said I; "it must exist somewhere. Everything is not fraud and dishonesty, else, like the 'wall daubed with ill-tempered mortar,' we should tumble to pieces."

"Which we have come very near doing," said Orestes.

"England did not tumble because of Warren Hastings," said I, "nor has France been killed by corruption. Russia has survived a great deal, and Germany, I imagine, is not free from stain."

"No; but a republic ought to be."

"I don't know. I think a republic has very severe strains upon its virtues. We have but few antecedents, and they are always strongholds of virtue. There must be a rough-and-tumble fight for office here—such, for instance, as England can never know. Who would suspect Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli? There is sure to be anything but the survival of the fittest in our way of doing things. No tyrant like a many-headed one! Aristotle says: 'A king ruleth as he ought, a tyrant as he lists; a king to the profit of all, a tyrant only to please himself.'"

"That is pretty talk for the Centennial year," said Orestes.

"By a king I simply mean abstract virtue, what the governing power ought to be."

"A decided abstraction, I should say."

"According to your ideas, abstraction is the fashion."

"Yes; but not intellectual abstraction. I go back to my original statement—I have lost my pearl of price, and where shall I find it?"

"By counting up the thousands and thousands of good men and women whom you know. Do you remember Sydney Smith's facetious recipe against melancholy to a fashionable woman? 'Sit down and remember all the compliments ever paid to you,' said he; 'no matter how foolish they were, it will console you.' So, if you will count all the honest people you know, Orestes, no matter how foolish they are, it will console you! They far outnumber the other side. We have got to meet the fact that the 'human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked-

ed,' but there are some nice characters still unspotted."

"You have not convinced me," said Orestes, "and you *have* lost my place in my Milton's 'Areopagitica.' Think of turning from Milton's prose—to talk to a woman! There is a downfall of character for you!"

"Well, Orestes, I will find it for you; and here is your punishment. You did not listen when I talked of *truth*, but see how your noble and favorite author comes to my rescue: 'The very essence of truth is plainness and brightness, the darkness and crookedness is our own. The wisdom of God created understanding, fit and proportionable to truth, the object and end of it, as the eye to the thing visible. If our understanding have a film of ignorance over it, or be bleared with gazing on other false glistenings, what is that to truth?'"

"Very good of Milton; he is always good; but what bearing has it on the subjects of our talk?"

"Simply that we have been worshipping false gods; we have wandered from that *simplicity, thrift, patriotism, truth*, on which the republic was founded, and hence these tears."

"You may hand me the 'Areopagitica,'" said Orestes, which was all the answer he vouchsafed.

M. E. W. S.

LIFE AT A FRONTIER POST.

WE seem to be threading our way over a wide field of weather-beaten stubble, or a litter of yellow-brown walnut-shavings. Not a speck of verdure can be seen; not a sign of moisture; neither a hedge nor a fence, nor a breath of mist. Space and shadow are annihilated. The most distant objects appear to be within the reach of a ten minutes' run, and especially distinct are the low, irregular banks of snow that break upon the acute horizon with painful intensity. The level road of decomposed granite is hot and yellow, and for miles a serpentine cloud of dust floats over our wake.

An hour or so before we mounted a hill from a similar basin a few hundred feet lower, and passed an isolated ranch, surrounded, as is the fashion in Southern Colorado, by a stockade of untrimmed logs of the most variable height. We are now approaching Fort Garland, one of the lonely army outposts near the northern boundary of New Mexico.

The field of stubble is an elevated plateau in the Rocky Mountains; the walnut-shavings are the weazen, deathlike sage-bushes that hang like a pall over the plains, their knotted and twisted bodies representing in vegetation the same abnormal phase of Nature as the eroded sandstones represent among the rocks. The banks of snow that appear to be so near are the Sierra Blanca, the Sangre del Cristo, and other peaks from ten to thirty miles off. Our cavalcade is composed of Lieutenant Morrison's division of the Wheeler Exploring Expedition, and

both men and animals are looking forward to the close of the tedious day's march.

Toiling along for another hour yet, the sun meanwhile beating down upon us with wilting ardor, the atmosphere and earth voiceless and forsaken, we reach a hollow watered by a swift creek, and here our eyes are gratified by the bright verdure of a few cottonwoods and shrubs. Across the low divide that separates this valley from the next beyond, we obtain a glimpse of our destination—a rectangular group of brick-red adobe buildings, flat-roofed, squat, and altogether dispiriting in their unmitigated ugliness, with the United States flag clinging to a central staff. Sierra Blanca and Old Baldy, both heavily laden with snow, look larger and more impressive here, the former being crested with several peaks, while the latter presents the appearance of a huge detached pyramid of smooth granite. In the southwest, forty or fifty miles away, a long row of whitened summits, spurs of the San Juan range, are clouded by the smoke of forest-fires, and in the east the main range trends into the south until its mountains become mere specks to our vision. But this lofty background encircles a horribly unvaried desert of plain, with the same characterizing features, the same want of fresh colors and attractive forms, as our route of the afternoon. It is positively distracting in its monotony. We wonder how a man can look upon it from day to day without yielding to the overwhelming sense of oppressiveness that it is prone to communicate. And when we are well inside the walls of the fort, we are struck with immediate commiseration for all the unfortunate officers and men condemned to live in so desolate a place.

Military exigencies allow no choice, however, and the army news in the papers of almost every morning records the name of some one ordered to duty in the Department of the Missouri, which probably means to the soldier concerned several years of unproductive, unrewarded, and wholly unsatisfactory service on the wild Western frontier. From Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, he is ordered to Fort Stanton, in New Mexico; from Fort Stanton to Fort Fetterman, in Wyoming; from Fort Fetterman to Fort Lyon, in Colorado; and from Fort Lyon, perhaps, to Fort Garland. During all this, his activity is restrained in every direction, and he sinks into a plodding, sullen sort of existence, the brightest dream in which is of the limpid rivers and succulent verdure nearer the seaboard. Frontier life suggests, I know, a sort of poetic expansiveness to the inexperienced, but to the soldier it usually involves, except in the case of an Indian war, a career of humdrum routine.

Garland is one of the oldest military establishments in Colorado, and one of the pleasantest, though its red adobe or sun-dried brick buildings are in a state of increasing and unprepossessing dilapidation. Its officers are renowned for their hospitality to strangers, and during our visit it had, as the headquarters of a regiment, an excellent band expert in playing the liveliest and latest of popular airs. Civilization and the railway approach no nearer than Pueblo, eighty miles

north, and chance travelers on the road and a semi-weekly mail are the only links between the exiles and the far-distant, familiar world. Nevertheless, not an item of discipline is omitted. The reveille is beaten at the same moment, accounting for the difference in time, that it rumbles over the waters of New York Bay. Guard is mounted and relieved by officers in the fullest and neatest dress, and to the most inspiring music, even though six men are all the force the post can muster. Reports are submitted and received with the same pomp and circumstance as are observed in the mightiest army, and the sentries challenge, with unremitted vigilance, all who pass the gates. The only variation to these exacting formalities is when intelligence arrives of Indian depredations, and a company of cavalry is sent out; or when the guard-house is broken and a prisoner escapes. Desertions are frequent, and, overlooking the *entente cordiale* that ought to exist between officers and men, we cannot wonder at it, however much we may condemn it. The confinement, the dull surroundings, the want of change and excitement must become unbearable, especially to an untutored mind, and not a few soldiers run the risk of the disgrace and severe punishment attending capture for a chance of freedom, not scrupling to force a government horse or mule into the enterprise if one can be obtained.

Numberless raw recruits are sent out from the East to the West, including many young German immigrants, who, landing without a knowledge of English, and failing to obtain employment, have enlisted in order to learn the language; for the idioms of which, at least, the army is doubtless an excellent school.

We met such a one in the person of a young architect, who, when he arrived in New York, could not speak a word of English, and who, when his little fortune had been reduced to the total of a few dollars, sought out an enlisting sergeant, and was accepted. The sergeant took him to all the beer-gardens in the city, and treated him with the most delicate consideration, allowing him to pay the expenses of both, and assuring him, as was evident, that a soldier's life was an easy one at this rate. But, when the bottom dollar of his shallow purse had been expended, he was sent with several others to Governor's Island, where the petty officers berated him vigorously for misunderstanding their orders. He made many ludicrous mistakes, of course, and his English-speaking comrades subjected him to all kinds of practical jokes. All the articles of equipment supplied to him were stolen, except a pair of blue trousers, and, as he was determined to save these, he hid them in one of the cannons. On the day following some dignity was either entering or leaving port, and a salute was ordered to be fired. The men stood at the different guns, and loaded them, and each went off in succession until the turn came for the last one. In vain the gunner applied the light to the breach of this, in vain the officers raged, and in vain the completion of the salute was listened for. The thing would not go off, and, when an in-

vestigation was made, the cause became apparent in the recruit's black and greasy trousers. After a few months' probation at Governor's Island, he was ordered to a regiment in New Mexico, and thence from fort to fort until he eventually reached Garland.

The officers' houses look out upon a pleasant green, which serves for croquet on the rare occasions when the weather is agreeable.

"Do you have much wind?" the writer asked Major Jewitt, who had been stationed at the post for several years.

"No, not much," was the answer. "On three days of the week we may have a heavy gale, but on the remaining four days it sinks to a fresh breeze."

When the wind is at all strong the air becomes stifling with dust, which finds its way into every nook and corner, into the web and woof of the clothing, and into the food itself. It is an all-pervading annoyance, which detracts more from the pleasure of a sojourn in Colorado than the roasting heat we find on the plains or the perpetual cold on the mountains. In a mild form it breaks over you in a sudden whirlwind with a shower of stones, and in a tornado it absolutely blackens the air with horrible, suffocating clouds.

There is one pleasant feature about Fort Garland. The log and adobe houses of the *rancheros* do not in the least exceed the Spartan limit of a few chairs, a table, and a chromo in matters of decoration or luxury. But the officers contrive to crowd many significant little evidences of refinement into their incommensurable quarters, notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining anything except the mere necessities of life. The rooms are in some instances carpeted with buffalo-ropes and bear-skins, while the walls are adorned with guns and relics of the chase. To members of our expedition coming out of the field this revelation of domesticity and comfort proved a grateful change from the hardships of an American explorers' camp.

Strangers from the outside world do not often find their way to Fort Garland. Occasionally a solitary "prospector" goes by, the whole of his present wealth represented in the pickaxe, spade, pan, gun, and provisions, heaped up on the back of a little donkey or mule—his future and greater wealth lying in the gaunt mountains of the San Juan, to which he is bound. A band of beggarly Utes, Apaches, or Navajoes, rides in; a Mexican bull-team, heavily loaded with wool, rumbles along the road to the north; a pair of stockmen trot off toward some neighboring ranch, delaying a moment at the sutler's store to try his whiskey; or an emigrant-wagon, with a family of freckled children and women involved among a load of furniture, makes for the south. These are real travelers, not the commonplace tourists who are whisked along our modern highways in drawing-room coaches, but people bound on long journeys attended by uncertainties of time and distance, the haphazard and danger that made a traveler an object of wonder in the old days. And as we watch them growing more indistinct in the trail of smoky dust produced by their animals, we cannot help feeling a keen personal interest in them.

But, in addition to the passers-by, a curious little society of mixed elements gathers about the fort from the neighboring ranches—the ruddy young Englishman, who is as inevitable on the frontier nowadays as in Paris; the agent of some Eastern land company, with prodigious schemes of wealth; the broken-down miner and the miner who has "struck it rich;" the ubiquitous Scotch nobleman, who has the manliness to prefer the adventurous life of the plains and the mountains to the lazy elegances of his home abroad; and others to whom a good deal of interest attaches.

Among the latter we met a mysterious person vaguely known as "the major," who was understood to be an ex-Confederate officer. The major's peculiarity was an odd manner of making a secret of all his communications. He would confide an innocent remark about the mules or weather to us as though it was a key to some enormous conspiracy, and in the same way he would ask us the price of shoe-leather in the lowest and most suspicious of undertones. His knowledge of Washington society was inexhaustible; but this was of little practical benefit to him, as we found that he was working on a ranch for forty dollars a month, and, before we left the fort, he offered himself to us as a laborer with the pack-train. The Englishman was a tall, handsome young fellow, of excellent breeding and education, who had been "stuck" in some land speculations. So many other Englishmen are in the same pitiful condition on the frontier that we might have suspected his veracity had we not found him turning his Cambridge education to advantage in tossing hay on a ranch for ten dollars a month. Everybody at the fort seemed to be anxious to get away, except the sutler or trader.

Much comfort at a frontier post depends on the character of the sutler's store, and that at Fort Garland is one of the best, including in its stock every imaginable and many unimaginable articles, from Wiltshire hams to Mexican spurs, patent medicines to buffalo-ropes, stationery to saddles, and ammunition to cosmetics. The customers are also heterogeneous, including the officers and men of the fort, the passing emigrants and Indians, the miners and ranchmen, and the Mexican *señoritas*, the chief weakness of the latter lying in articles of Philadelphia perfumery and Birmingham jewelry.

The sutler adds to his proper functions those of postmaster, and over his desk we found the following table of the arrival and departure of mails:

MONDAY.—Eastern arrives.

TUESDAY.—Western arrives.

WEDNESDAY.—Eastern closes.

THURSDAY.—Western closes.

SUNDAY.—The postmaster will put on clean clothes.

N. B.—The above is subject to all and every change.

Under this admission of uncertainty some one had rudely written in regard to the last paragraph: "The clothes? I doubt it!"

While we sat on the bench in front of the sutler's store one evening, the old fort was transformed into a very pretty object under the magical influence of the brilliant sunset. The surrounding sandy plain melted

into gold, and the mountains were flooded with purple. A pale star rose over the eastern ridge, and while in the west the sky was glowing with gorgeous colors, in the east the light was expiring in a deepening blue. But its only for a moment in a summer's day that Garland looks inviting, and as we left it to resume our course we again pitied the men condemned to live the year round in this lonely spot.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

WOMAN A MYSTERY.

WHATEVER is mysterious is regarded by the world at large as pronouncedly bearing one of two characters—it is wholly evil and diabolic, or it is a partially-mitigated evil, and is then called "a dispensation of Providence." Each of these strikes the mind with a kind of terror as above or beyond the action of law. Mysterious things are invariably misrepresented, because they are misunderstood. Correct judgment is always based on correct understanding of the thing, person, or motive to be judged. The more profound the ignorance, the more deeply is a mystery considered. The phenomenon of an eclipse is looked upon by savages with fear; a pestilence occurring among the ignorant civilized is deemed a direct punishment for sin. The savage pounds rude instruments and offers sacrifice to propitiate the fish that is about to swallow the moon. The scarcely less ignorant civilized devotee holds a fast and offers prayer to avert the pestilence, all unknowing that broken sanitary laws have caused the disease. So ignorance regards mystery and evil as synonymous.

Mysteries, if long continued, tend to produce useless disregard of accustomed habits, of religious teaching, and even of life itself. An impotent spirit of defiance, the secondary effects of fear, seizes upon men. The savage and the idolater reproach their gods, refuse them worship, and even deal blows upon the senseless image of wood or stone. Even the child, who does not comprehend why he is hurt when he falls, strikes or kicks the inanimate thing which wounded him. He fears it, he defies it; with this fear and this defiance are mingled the germs of hate. Mystery, fear, hate, defiance—this is the order in which the mind is affected.

Woman is to man the great mystery of life. Because of this mystery, she has been well hated, well adored, well abused, deeply misrepresented. Because of this mystery, so much has been written of her functions, her capacities, her position, present and future. Bachelors and married men, beardless boys and octogenarians, philosophers and fools, priests and poets, the scientist and the ignoramus, alike make women the subject of their essays, their sermons, their songs, their diatribes.

The Church long held her up to scorn, denied her its sacred offices, refused her at times even admittance to its house of worship, taught her to feel shame at her very being, denied her the right to her own children deprived her of freedom of conscience, and

placed itself between her and her own direct approach to her Saviour.

The law stepped in where the Church stopped, and, as Montesquieu says, without asking her if she desired punishment, it made her amenable to statutes, many of which were contrary to the inherent laws of her being. Morally dissected, in search of a soul, she has been physically dissected, that her maternal frame might be held to view as weak, as unenduring, as incapable of accomplishing her desires of progress. Yet these impotent and impudent examiners and anathematizers have one and all failed to learn the secrets of her being. Those are known to herself alone, and she does not hasten to reveal them. Her powers are not lessened that she does not proclaim what she is; the world is her own, and when the hour comes she will take possession of her own.

Woman's essential character is woman—that which especially makes her woman instead of man—those inclinations, and emotions, and capabilities, which, though human, are totally unlike masculine thoughts and ideas, and are even now, as in past ages, hidden from man. Neither Auguste Comte nor Herbert Spencer has gained new light from the present age of light and thought, but, philosophers though they are, they speak of woman as did the Christian Church and civilized legislation.

Goethe might well cry "More light!" for even he, light of Germany that he was, died unknowing woman. Michelet dared much, but his wisdom was of the earth, earthy.

Men have necessarily looked at woman from an objective standpoint. Those to whom a glance has been partially vouchsafed, still touch not, see not, the inmost. Into the outer court of the temple they may come, and may at times have approached the inner court, but into the holy of holies but one enters—herself. She alone is priestess and evangel of all its mysteries. To the wisest of men woman is an extraneous being, scarcely deemed an essentially component part of humanity, though recognized as necessary to its existence and increase. Her first right to herself is scarcely dreamed of. "Society itself is not recognized as existing for her, only in so far as she is represented by man," and he proclaims without sense of shame, of injustice, or of ignorance, that "upon the all-sufficiency of man alone the foundations of law are based."

Having thus brought himself so closely before his own eye, it has been practically impossible for man as man to comprehend woman as woman.

But even while man so continuously fixes woman's status as inferior to his own, he is as constantly dissatisfied with his own decisions, constantly distrusts his own judgment. He cannot lay his own ghost of belief that his judgment has played him false. If woman is what man has so often declared her to be, if her place in life and her lack of capabilities are self-evident, these facts need no repeated iteration, more than does the fact that night succeeds day, or that two and two makes four. Self-evident truths require no proving, only doubtful ones.

The Sphinx, world-known emblem of all

mystery, propounder of that wondrous riddle that led so many men to death, was a woman. That her husband, the Phœnician Cadmus, should have become the inventor of letters, seems no longer strange when we remember the wise inspirer by his side. Modern science teaches the close interchangeableness of the senses. If taste and smell are closely alike, and intimately connected with nutrition, so the more subtle form of touch, that invisible yet fully perceptible aura, that impression which the approach of individuals makes upon us, that is borne upon the pages of a letter, that comes with a gift, that clusters around a bouquet, that clings to a few withered leaves, has its interest upon the brain, in irritating it, dulling it, or inspiring it to action.

"Our set" signifies much more than certain forms and fashions; unknowingly, each member recognizes the compatibility between them. Neither friendship nor love can bud or blossom without there first exists receptivity of touch. It cannot be forced more than can oil and water be homogeneously mingled. The error of man through the ages has arisen from his belief that might could force incompatibility into homogeneity.

Society having ignored woman as a factor, making of her but a fraction, religion and legislation having seized upon her in order to define her powers and her rights, we look back through history in search of the result.

As pliable as the smoke which your breath can blow aside, woman has seemingly bent to fill every place man has assigned her; yet, like the smoke, she has risen above every sphere pointed out as hers, and, beyond man's sight, sought her own place to work.

It has long been a theme of discussion as to whether character or education has done most in determining course in life. Many have felt in unison with the Frenchman's epitaph, "Born a man, died a grocer." Education blighted him, but long, persistent effort has as yet failed to make woman the being she has been so often portrayed. However true it may be that in individual cases woman has seemed what she has so persistently been declared to be, still, as a whole, woman has lived true to herself. All the dwarfing and stunting of a tree cannot make it less than a tree: when air and light are given it, and freedom comes to spread its branches abroad, and to send its tiny rootlets afar in search of food and moisture, it then shows its character, it then becomes what it naturally is, not what others would force it to be. Woman, like this tree, has her own secrets of growth and of manifestation to the world.

A condition of theological and political slavery seems not the easiest to rise from, yet even here the fable of the seed and the oak may apply. To bend before the storm is not to break from it; the first necessity of life being to live, woman during the ages accepted the part education pressed upon her, yet man has never rested content. Though having declared her position to be unchangeable, educationally, industrially, legally, in the Church, the state, the family—yet man has

never rested content with his own decision. His *role* in life has ever been based upon self-esteem, hers upon enforced self-depreciation.

The doctrine of total depravity was laid upon her shoulders as its originator, even though in the plenitude of his claims for himself man recognized the devil as masculine. Having preempted the Godhead, it might have been thought his Satanic majesty would have been set off as the feminine portion of spiritual beings; but, fortunately perhaps, man's grasp after power led him to acknowledge the devil as not only masculine but as possessing a father alone—i. e., Satan. But woman was still made to suffer under this belief: she was, more than man, deemed subject to demoniac possession, and witches were ever believed to be tenfold more numerous than wizards. Did this theory arise from man's belief in his own powers of fascination, in his conception of the superiority of the masculine over the feminine? or did each man recognize the fact of himself being well up to the wiles of the devil?

The Christian Church, through man, having also bidden woman stand aside from the sacerdotal office, in various decretals taught her defilement through those peculiarities of her physical being she holds not in common with man, for ages placed the legality of marriage dependent upon sacerdotal sanction, at the same moment teaching lessened respect for married women, holding virgins above mothers. Denying her entrance to the priesthood, it punished her for all ineligibilities of its own making. Yet woman's mysterious power remained unsubdued, and, despite all contempt, all obloquy, she seized upon the Church, and in union of Virgin Mother compelled the most holy adoration of herself under both forms. Elevated even above the Godhead, this divine Mother was at least held to possess controlling power over the Divine Son himself. Did man ever more fully show his belief in his own theories as to woman? Could he ever more fully prove his own intuitive sense of her mysterious power?

Through ages no slave was permitted to be a warrior. As long hair symbolized freedom among the Gauls, and unwallowed towns proclaimed it among German tribes, so in later feudal times the right of fighting was emblematic of freedom. This age has not outgrown feudal beliefs. Woman did not fight then, woman does not fight now, yet renowned woman warriors have existed in all ages and among many nations. Man has not here fathomed woman's power; he forgets that of the four most ancient, the four most celebrated warriors of antiquity, one was a woman, one suffered defeat at the hands of a woman, and one was incited to his conquering course through a woman's prophecy. He forgets that nations of female warriors have existed; inventors of weapons, founders of cities, conquerors of countries. He forgets that among the very few decisive battles of the world's history—battles which have changed the course of civilization for centuries, one at least, and that in modern times, was gained by a woman. Yet woman is a preserver rather than a destroyer; she loves peace rather than war, yet as warrior

she has again and again baffled man's judgment of her. It seems her delight to show him he has not read her where he thought he knew her best.

After the modern revival of learning, education was ignored for woman, and an attempt in France during the eighteenth century to instruct girls met with the most violent opposition, and the father of the maiden who originated this daring idea assembled a council of famous doctors to decide whether or not his daughter was possessed of a devil; and yet the learned Hypatia, in the second century of the Christian era, taught philosophy in the famous Alexandrian school, and the wisest men of Europe, and of Asia, and of Africa, sat as learners at her feet.

Thus through the ages has woman ever outrun the estimate of man. In vain has he striven to fathom her ways, her powers; in vain have been his erudition, his casuistry, his threats, his entreaties, his prophecies. Woman hears them all, but she heeds not. Conscious of her powers, she looks upon the world as her own; she listens to man, but consults with her own heart. She is the Benjamin of life: youngest of God's creatures, she feels that she is to receive double portion as best beloved. The mystery of the divine Iris is her mystery, and that olden Egyptian inscription upon this goddess is also hers—"I am all that has been, all that shall be, and none among men has yet raised my veil."

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is said of the late Mr. Stewart that he was a strict disciplinarian in administering the affairs of his establishments; but few know, perhaps, how rigid his rules were. It is obvious that his extensive business could not have been successfully conducted without thorough method and discipline; but rules may be vexatious and even capricious; they may arbitrarily interfere with the necessary freedom of the individual; they may be the means of substituting mechanism for zeal, and by their excess defeat their proposed ends. If we are not misinformed, Mr. Stewart erred in this way. His regulations, as described to us, were severe, humiliating, and calculated to make every man of spirit chafe under them.

An anecdote is given that upon one occasion Mr. Stewart pointed to his long array of counters with their many clerks, and said, "All these men are only so many machines; they are permitted no discretion; they simply obey orders." The sagacious Mr. Stewart was wrong. It was quite necessary for orders to be issued that would govern the general policy of the business, but the notion that individual talent or discretion had no scope for action could only have arisen with one who was too willing to subordinate his employes, too prone to assume

that all the brains and all the direction rested solely in his own hands, thus flattering his arbitrary instincts with a self-applauding theory. The fact that a salesman has no discretion as to price—is forbidden to sell at any other sum than the one given him—does not extinguish all exercise of judgment. There is such a thing as willing compliance as well as surly compliance; a salesman whose heart is in his work is assuredly more successful than he who acts with the coldness and indifference of a machine. And then an instructed salesman has information to give; it is in his power to suggest, to hint, to show taste and discrimination, to aid the uncertain judgment. He may establish cordial relations with customers, or, on the other hand, he may disgust and drive them to other shops. Mr. Stewart could not have been ignorant of these facts, and hence we can only see in his disposition to depreciate his subordinates an unjust impulse to exalt his own achievements at the expense of those who were serving him.

There are reasons why we are moved to combat the notion that men ought to be mere machines, or can be mere machines, under any circumstances outside of the army. Order, method, and subordination are indispensable in all affairs of life; but intelligence and zeal are also great forces in all affairs of life; and it would seem as if a high wisdom would make use of them. We admire the rider who appeals to the affectionate zeal of his horse, rather than him who trusts solely to the whip; and assuredly we should be not less considerate with our human servants. It is often found that the best instincts of men are stimulated by trusting them, by giving them responsibilities, by acting as if they were men and not machines. The head of an extensive house-painting establishment in Paris—as related by John Stuart Mill—gained in profit and in the efficiency of his work by making his men co-workers with himself, by acting upon their zeal, awakening their pride, and sharing with them the results of their labors.

The theory that men are no more than machines whose sole mission is to obey, is a feudal notion, and comes to us from the arbitrary governments of Europe. It can only be true of people so long trained in this rule that they have lost the power to act with independent judgment; it may suit those born with an inherited idea of their own inferiority, but is opposed to the genius of a people like ours, possessed with a spirit of independence, capable of acting for themselves, required even by the nature of our institutions to exercise discretionary judgment—men whose whole training teaches them to have will, opinion, discrimination, not after those of other men, but in accordance with

their own preferences. Capable men of this nature cannot be made machines; and hence Mr. Stewart's policy simply by inevitable law threw out of his employment the better class of men, and compelled him to use inferior material. It is probably quite true, as we often hear it said, that our young people are not well trained—they need lessons in subordination. But we are considering only that absolute surrender of personal freedom the practical effect of which must be to extinguish self-respect, personal dignity, and manhood. We submit it would be better that the American people should maintain their spirit of independence—their ancient habit of not being machines—even if as a result of this national characteristic it should prove impracticable to conduct colossal bazaars or kindred establishments.

It is curious to note how the habits of one people are gradually taken up by another. The upper classes in England ceased drinking when they took to travel in France after the long war with that country in the early part of this century. They are now rink-mad, as New York once was. The French, on the other hand, have "gone in" for horse-racing, riding, and other thoroughly Anglican proclivities; indeed the Bois nowadays disputes the equestrian palm with Rotten Row. A fluent Parisian gossip, alluding last month to the degree to which politics had just then taken possession of Paris, defied any one to remain twenty-four hours without catching the contagion. "If," says he, "you meet a friend who at once, as he is sure to do, plunges in *medias res*, and you profess not to care a fig about the matter, he leaves you shrugging his shoulders and regards you as a fool or an idiot. But," adds this authority, "there exists one spot sacred from all political intrusion—the Bois de Boulogne. Whether it be the salutary influence of fresh air, of horseback exercise, or of the first gales of spring, the rider can come at ease, secure of chatting of everything save politics. The Bois is in fact a neutral ground, where the most discordant elements meet in peace." And then he continues to sketch the various classes who come for their canter at various hours. As in London, where it has been averred morning rides were encouraged by great personages, because "detrimentals" could only prance in the afternoon, the morning is the only time of day when riding is *chic*. Between eight and ten come those who must *déjeuner* before eleven. Deputies or senators new to the business, who would not for the world miss Versailles, may then be seen urging on their steeds, and anxiously keeping an eye on time. But by ten begin to arrive the real loungers, they who can afford to fritter

away a long morning if so disposed: "Such is Miss M—, that English girl who sits her horse so admirably that she might serve as a model to painter or sculptor, or Miss C—, the pretty American with perfect figure, and hair as blond as wheat-ears."

No doubt the day will arrive when we too shall catch the infection, and the sooner the better. What is the Bois or Rotten Row to the galloping-ground equestrians here might have along that glorious boulevard overhanging the Hudson, if only a tiny portion of that lavish breadth of road, now a waste of almost desert air, were set aside for them, as it certainly ought to have been! Riding will come in with rapid transit. When a man can, like a French or an English merchant or lawyer, have his gallop at 8, breakfast at 8.45, and be at his desk by 10, or be cantering on the boulevard with his lady-friends by 5 P. M., having left his office at 4.30, New York will be full of riders, and have fewer victims of dyspepsia, and that condition in which a man, though not ill, is not what deserves to be called well. Rapid transit is no mere matter of convenience—it will bring to thousands a liberal addition of health and vigor.

A SERIES of most interesting lectures has been in progress at the London Institution during the winter and spring—the more interesting because, though upon scientific and artistic topics, they have been carefully made comprehensible to hearers not familiar with technical expressions and nomenclatures. Of Mr. Ruskin's discourse on heraldry we have already spoken; and more recently a theme of much greater general interest has been very clearly and eloquently treated by Professor Ferrier, of King's College. He has been an attentive student of sleep and dreams, with a view to reducing these phenomena, at once common and mysterious to all mankind, to distinct and logical natural laws; and in his lecture he makes known the results of his studies. These have led him into very fascinating paths of observation; and they are especially valuable as Dr. Ferrier, rejecting altogether what he regards as the doubtful wisdom of the ancients on the subject of dreams, putting aside as idle speculation the curious guesses of Epicurus and the more subtle theories of Plato, avails himself of the more recent discoveries and lights in science. He has been bold enough to draw analogies from not only the animal but the vegetable creation, thus availing himself both of the Darwinian and the Huxleyan philosophy.

Not the least valuable use of his lecture is the practical guidance it gives to the action of men in daily life. Assuming as a foundation that "no living being is capable of con-

tinuous and unintermittent activity," and that sleep, or repose, is the process by which the waste of the physical and mental energies is repaired, he derives the lesson that, in order to induce natural and healthful sleep, such methods are to be adopted as will abstract an excess of blood from the brain. This may be accomplished by exercise, which draws off the blood to the more weary organs; while a well-ordered digestion demands the blood that keeps the brain in too great an activity for the stomach, where it is needed. To sleep well, too, according to Dr. Ferrier, one must, if possible, rid himself of all care, anxiety, and disturbing thoughts, as the natural season of repose approaches. A brisk walk toward the close of the day, and when the brain has been overtaxed, is commended to us. But Dr. Ferrier warns us—and it were well if he could be heard everywhere and heeded—from opiates as "dangerous ground." They do not produce sleep so much as torpor. If you cannot get sleep by methods which nature itself dictates, he says, it is full time to call in the family doctor. Among Dr. Ferrier's conclusions, that respecting the heart is not the least curious. This organ is sometimes said to be in constant activity, unlike the other organs. But Dr. Ferrier says that this activity is not constant but rhythmical, "a term of action being followed by a pause or rest, during which the heart is to all intents and purposes asleep." Summing up the pauses and beatings of the heart on this theory, he maintains that the heart sleeps eight hours in the twenty-four—the period which he regards as the most healthy duration for the repose of the whole body.

THERE is something amusing in the English vanity which obstinately clings to marriage-licenses. These documents have become utterly useless and superfluous; no Briton is forced to march up to the musty office in Doctors' Commons, and pay his two guineas and odd for the Archbishop of Canterbury's permission to wed his lady-love. But there is a question of respectability in the matter, and the license-fee is really a sacrifice to the good-will of Mrs. Grundy. A Dissenter or Roman Catholic is, of course, able to marry without regard to the laws relating to the state Church; but formerly a churchman could only take upon himself the dread responsibilities of married life by either publishing the bans thrice in his parish-church, or procuring a special license. Now neither of these forms is necessary, though both are still available. The would-be Benedict has a third access to the "for better for worse" condition, by the medium of the registrars of marriage who reside in every parish.

It is well enough for the rustic Joan and

Darby to have their names announced from the parish-pulpit, and tacked up on the bulletin at the church-door, but he and she who would be "genteel" naturally shrink alike from the publicity and the business-like formality of the ancient and homely custom of the bans. The result is a very pretty little yearly sum returned into the treasury in the shape of license-fees. There are grades, it would appear, even in the marriage-licenses. The ordinary license permits a marriage if either bride or bridegroom has resided for twenty-one days in the parish where they propose to be united. But a still more aristocratic license, and one which therefore costs no less than twenty-eight instead of two and a half guineas, conveys the consent of the Primate of all England that the parties may be married when and where they please, provided only that the knot is tied by a clergyman of the state Church. As this superior license is usually issued only to "the nobility, the judges, members of Parliament, and other persons of distinction," it is well worth the twenty-eight guineas to be in such goodly company. These restrictions, after all, seem to lose somewhat of their *raison d'être* when they are reduced to a mere money standard and distinction. They were ostensibly constructed to prevent improper or illegal marriages; but now, it would appear, the intending bridegroom has simply to be richer by a few guineas to obtain the widest liberty as to place and time of marriage.

THE just censures by a contributor on "Pictorial Caricature," printed in last week's JOURNAL, apply with equal force to political animadversions generally. Fierce and indiscriminate blame has been the bane of our politics—and not only the bane but the cause of much of that decay in honesty in high places under the obloquy of which the country now suffers. Partisans and newspapers began years ago to freely accuse every opponent of dishonesty, with or without grounds for so doing. Little or no discrimination was made between good men and bad men; everybody was accused with equal vehemence, peculation and maladministration being treated as no graver offenses than difference of opinion or party affiliation. To be in office on the other side was to stand confessed as a rogue; and to this view the public gave in its much too ready acquiescence. It became, naturally, impossible under such a condition of affairs for men of upright character and sensitive honor to remain in office, or to follow politics as a career. This most disastrous course on the part of partisan leaders threw office into the hands of the unscrupulous; it had the effect of sending into private life the better class of citizens, and of

bringing forward the less scrupulous—of transferring the public affairs to those who were indifferent to censure, or who were determined to compensate themselves for a bad reputation by stealing as freely as they were accused of doing. It is evident that some remedy for official dishonesty must be found. Unless we do so political chaos will overwhelm us. The country cannot prosper; it cannot even politically hold together, unless honesty, probity, and efficiency preside over affairs. And among the measures necessary to bring this needed reform about none are more urgent than a policy by the natural operation of which capable and honest men will be brought forward. This will never be done until there is greater justice in public censure—until blame and praise are administered with regard to the facts and concern for the truth. Reckless and unjust censure, ungrounded accusations, scandals of all sorts—these things must come to be looked upon with reprobation, as crimes scarcely less serious than dishonesty itself. The wholesale lumping together of all opponents—the invective as fierce for a Greeley as a Tweed—cannot go on as heretofore if we are ever to lift our politics from its present mire. There must be right-doing on the part of the people if right-doing on the part of office-holders is to be secured. Wrong judgment is dishonest judgment; and dishonesty of this nature is just as certain as any other kind to breed its bad results.

Books and Authors.

IN order to attain a fair appreciation of Mr. John T. Morse's "Life of Alexander Hamilton,"¹ or even to read it with satisfaction, it is necessary to understand the author's point of view; and perhaps as great a service as the critic can render to the reader of these interesting volumes will be to give this cue at the start. As explained by Mr. Morse himself in a commendably frank and straightforward preface, his view-point is that of "deep admiration both for the character and the intellect of Hamilton;" and this feeling with which he began the work was strengthened and fortified as he proceeded in the study of Hamilton's career. He adds that he has striven to be impartial; that he has endeavored to avoid panegyric; and that when he thought Hamilton in error he has openly acknowledged the fact, without attempting to give any false color or plausible defense. So much of bias is perhaps necessary in any really valuable biography, and is certainly excusable; but we are afraid that Mr. Morse's mental attitude is hardly so free from partiality and prejudice as he would fain believe. It is entirely evident that the "Life" was written with honest intentions, and it certainly speaks that "language of

moderation" at which the author declares himself to have so studiously aimed; but temperateness of expression is not always linked with temperateness of thought, and only too often in the progress of the work is the verdict of the partisan pronounced with the accents of the judge.

It has been remarked that the crucial test of a biographer of Jefferson is his treatment of Hamilton, and *vice versa*, of course, the treatment of Jefferson must determine the mental attitude of the biographer of Hamilton. Applying this test to Mr. Morse's work, the validity of his claim to impartiality or even to fairness is rudely shocked if not completely overthrown. In Jefferson's antagonism to Hamilton he sees not only intellectual perversity but moral turpitude, and can hardly bring himself to acknowledge that it was even possibly sincere. "Thomas Jefferson," he says, "alone stands in a different relationship toward Hamilton from any other of his contemporaries. As one cannot serve two masters, so one cannot respect both these men. He must hate the one and love the other; he must hold to the one and despise the other." Now, we have never found ourselves reduced to this alternative, and for reasons which seem to us as ample as they are obvious. The *gravamen* of the differences between Jefferson and Hamilton was of a kind that has divided the opinion of mankind in all ages of the world. Both foresaw that, in accordance with an inevitable law of politics, a strong central government would tend to grow stronger and more centralized. Hamilton rejoiced in this tendency, furthered it by every means in his power, and would gladly have made the national government at the start more powerful than it has become after nearly a century's expansion, helped forward by a tremendous civil war. At the time when the formation of a government to supersede the old Confederation was being discussed, he advocated giving the chief executive a lifetime, conditioned only by liability to impeachment; he would have had senators elected for life or during good behavior; and he would have reduced the States to the condition of "corporations," as he phrased it. Jefferson, on the other hand, deprecated this tendency, and sought in every possible way to arrest and obstruct its progress. He dreaded a powerful central government as containing in itself the deadly seeds of despotism; he held that the State governments by their intimate and constant relations with the people were the surest guarantees of popular liberty; and he believed that the future dangers of the country lay in the direction of encroachment by the national government upon the reserved rights of the States rather than in any lack of cohesiveness in the national bond. That these opinions are radically and essentially antagonistic, is evident enough; that one is probably right and the other probably wrong may be readily conceded; but it is simply bigotry to deny that either of them may be held by a man without justly rendering him liable to impeachment either on intellectual or on moral grounds. In point of fact, they divided the suffrages of the ablest among Hamilton's

and Jefferson's contemporaries; and the principle which underlies them is far older than our familiar controversy regarding "State sovereignty," dating back probably to the time when questions of government first began to attract the attention of mankind. Not only do we not find it necessary in respect of Jefferson and Hamilton to "hate the one and love the other," but we conceive it to be quite possible to entertain a cordial admiration for both, and even to feel grateful that they confronted each other at a period in our history when it was of vital importance that extremes of all kinds should be either neutralized or kept in abeyance.

The only other accusations that Mr. Morse brings against Jefferson are that he was a "cyclopædist," intimating thereby that he was a sciolist; and that he excelled Hamilton in the arts of political management. As long, however, as sciolism displays itself in such harmless vagaries as founding institutions like the University of Virginia collecting a valuable library, and advocating in season and out of season the interests of learning, posterity at least can afford to condone the offense; while, as to the latter charge, it must be confessed that if Jefferson excelled Hamilton in political "management," it was in an art in which the latter had attained no mean degree of proficiency.

That it is political bias and not personal rancor, however, that animates Mr. Morse's animadversion of Jefferson, is shown by his treatment of that other conspicuous antagonist of Hamilton, Aaron Burr. The chapter on the fatal duel is one of the best, as it is the most touching, in the book, and the sketch of Burr's character which it contains may be quoted as a specimen at once of the author's style and of his judicial and temperate tone:

"A study of Burr's character, so far as it can be learned from any printed records, leads to the conclusion that his cardinal characteristic was an entire absence of the moral sense. He seems to have been born and to have lived without the sense of moral right and wrong, as he might have been born and have lived without the sense of smell or taste. The practices of society he adopted as a code made by mankind, and to be observed by each individual man, partly from an inherent necessity of having some established code, partly from compulsion. He came to the game of life as he might have come to a game at cards; the set of rules in the one game he would obey just as he would the set of rules in the other. He would take his enemy's life in a duel for sufficient cause, just as with sufficient cause he would trump his partner's trick at whist. The one expedient was to be resorted to by a wise man, as the other by a good player, only in rare and extreme cases; but in such cases was strictly permissible. He would not poison his adversary, as he would not revoke, simply because to do so would draw after it reproach and punishment for a breach of those arbitrary and artificial regulations established to control the conduct of the transaction in which he was engaged. There is nothing in Aaron Burr's public or private life to gainsay the accuracy of this view of his character, or to show that he recognized any higher reason for doing the actions which men had chosen to classify as right, or for avoiding the actions which men had chosen to classify as wrong, than the pure expediency of respecting the doctrines which

¹ The Life of Alexander Hamilton. By John T. Morse, Jr. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1876.

prevailed in the society in which he moved. To him the classification appeared purely arbitrary and human, and might have been reversed had society so willed it."

The account of the duel is brief and subdued in tone, but it suffices to place that infamous transaction in its proper light. It requires but slight knowledge of preceding and surrounding circumstances, in conjunction with Burr's own letters, to convince us of the fact that his shooting of Hamilton was a simple, premeditated murder. He forced the duel with deliberate design, not to avenge outraged honor—there was scarcely a pretense of that—but to rid himself of a political opponent. When Burr was defeated in his attempt on the governorship of New York, he saw clearly that his career was ended unless his great antagonist could be removed from his path, and he compassed his killing as systematically as he would have planned his defeat at the polls. He rendered explanation or retraction impossible from the start; contrary to the laws of the *duello*, after his challenge had been accepted, he set up a target in his garden and practised with the pistol for many hours daily; and at the meeting, secure in his knowledge of Hamilton's probable action, he waited long enough to take deliberate aim ere firing the fatal shot. In its inception, in its conduct, and in its execution, it was a murderer's deed; and the only possible relief to our shame in reading of it is the fact that, as Mr. Morse observes, it was infinitely more fatal to the survivor than to the victim.

It remains for us to say that, in spite of its strong Federalistic bias, we regard Mr. Morse's work as extremely valuable, and especially so at this time. If Washington was the father and savior of his country, Hamilton was no less distinctly the founder of its polity; and, aside from the light which it throws on the most striking period of American history, the story of his life is as fascinating as a romance. Hamilton's career was full of dramatic incident, and his character was one which, whether it repel or attract, never fails to interest. As the author says: "He was a man who excited no moderate feelings either of affection or animosity. His adherents worshiped him as a kind of human deity; his opponents assailed him as if he had been an incarnate fiend. He was loved as man has seldom been loved, and hated as a man free from the charge of any fearful crime against his fellow-men has seldom been hated." The qualities and characteristics which elicited these extremes of feeling are portrayed by Mr. Morse with a skill whose effectiveness is enhanced rather than otherwise by his sober, restrained, and somewhat stately style; and we think it may be affirmed with confidence that he has fully accomplished his object of producing "a narrative which persons with no more than the average desire for information concerning the history of their country might be willing to read."

The volumes are issued in excellent style, but it is a great pity that they are not accompanied with a portrait of Hamilton, whose features are probably less familiar to his countrymen than those of any other of the leading statesmen of the Revolutionary period.

THE familiar critical dictum that only a poet can translate a poet would seem to be confirmed in a striking manner by William Morris's version of "The Æneids of Virgil." All that mere scholarship and literary skill could achieve in such a matter was accomplished by Professor Conington in his well-known translation, but it is only necessary to read a page or two of that translation before taking up Mr. Morris's to see how much of spirit and life and animated movement the latter has combined with an even greater skill in versification. In reading Mr. Morris's work we constantly lose sight of the fact that it is interpretation merely; it has all the freedom and flow, the spontaneity and vigor, of original composition, and were the "Æneid" less familiar to our minds it would be easy to believe that Mr. Morris was weaving new chapters for the classical nights of his "Earthly Paradise." It would be a mistake, however, to infer from this that the translation is lacking in that painstaking fidelity to the original which modern scholarship demands of such work. On the contrary, it has evidently been a matter of great care with Mr. Morris to reproduce not only the movement and tone of the Virgilian narrative, but its uncommon and original turns of phrase; and to accomplish this the more perfectly he has adopted many archaic forms of expression and a studiously simple style. The language and artistic methods of Chaucer, or rather of Chapman's translation of Homer, have been largely followed, though not so far as to impair the intelligibility of the verse for readers whose knowledge of "the mother-tongue" is confined to the English of our own day.

The form of the verse, with its unusual metre (fourteen syllables to the line), its prolonged rhythm, and the scanty cadence of its rhymes, will probably perplex the reader at the start; but, when once the measure is caught, mind and ear alike will be charmed with the stately and sonorous procession of the syllables. The rhyming is by couplets, but the music which it makes is as different as possible from the monotonous, sing-song refrain of Pope's "Homer." It is so unobtrusive that we almost forget the couplet form until in the midst of some flowing narrative or description its long-recurring chimes break upon the ear with an indescribably solemn and majestic cadence.

The only way to convey an adequate idea of Mr. Morris's work would be to quote entire some such episode as that of the storm in the first book, or of the boat-race in the fifth; but as our space will not permit of this we shall have to content ourselves with a verse or two culled almost at random. Here are a few from the description of the storm which scattered Æneas's ships and drove him to the city of Dido:

"Thus as he cried the whistling North fell on with sudden gale
And drove the seas up toward the stars, and smote
aback the sail;
Then break the oars, the bows fall off, and beam on
in the trough
She lieth, and the sea comes on, a mountain huge
and rough.

¹ The Æneids of Virgil. Done into English Verse by William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

These hang upon the topmost wave, and those may well discern
The sea's ground mid the gaping whirl: with sand the surges churn.
Three keels the South wind cast away on hidden reefs that lie
Midmost the sea, the Altars called by men of Italy,
A huge back thrusting through the tide: three others from the deep
The East toward straits and swallowing sands did miserably sweep,
And dashed them on the shoals, and heaped the sand around in ring:
And one, a keel the Lycians manned, with him, the trusty King
Orontes, in Æneas' sight a toppling wave o'erhung,
And smote the poop, and headlong rolled, adown the helmsman flung;
Then thrice about the driving flood hath hurled her as she lay,
The hurrying eddy swept above and swallowed her from day:
And lo! things swimming here and there, scant in the unmeasured seas,
The arms of men, and painted boards, and Trojan treasures."

And here is a single sentence from the glowing pages in which is described Dido's reception of her fatal guest:

"Meanwhile the gleaming house within with kingly pomp is dight,
And in the midst of the hall a banquet they prepare;
Cloths labored o'er with handicraft, and purple proud is there;
Great is the silver on the board, and carved out of gold
The mighty deeds of father-folk, a long-drawn tale, is told,
Brought down through many and many an one from where their race began."

The entire fourth book, in which "is told of the great love of Dido, Queen of Carthage, and the woful ending of her," is surpassingly fine. What, for instance, could be more touchingly simple and pathetic than the close of Dido's supplication to Æneas not to desert her?—

"Ah! if at least ere thou wert gone some child of thee I had!
If yet Æneas in mine house might play a little lad,
E'en but to bring aback the face of that beloved one,
Then were I never vanquished quite, nor utterly undone."

Mr. Morris's translation of the "Æneid" is assuredly a very great work, and will doubtless be reckoned by posterity not the least valuable of the contributions which he has made to the literature of his time. It is as delightful as one of his own lays, and ought to go far toward making the present generation of readers familiar with one of the greatest poetical productions of antiquity.

THE reputation of Judge Theophilus Parsons, both as a lawyer and as a writer, justifies us in accepting his "Outlines of the Religion and Philosophy of Swedenborg" (Boston: Roberts Brothers) as an accurate and trustworthy *recensus* of the Swedenborgian doctrines; though he declares himself to be so far from competent to reproduce all of Swedenborg's philosophy in its length and breadth that "an attempt to do it would be very foolish." It is brief, too, and remarkably well written, so that no one need grudge the time and attention necessary to master its fourteen short chapters; and yet we must confess that the book has disappointed us. We have more than once attempted Sweden-

borg's works in their original form, and Judge Parsons will consider it a fatal proof of our spiritual and mental limitations when we say that they struck us as not only diffuse, obscure, rhapsodical, and transcendental, but as being perhaps the best example that modern times have afforded of that inexhaustible and meaningless word-spinning which characterizes the old scholastic theology. The Christian revelation is simplicity itself compared with this new "illumination," and even the Hegelian metaphysics have in comparison a tangible substance and a logical form. It is the kind of writing of which the length of human life and the supply of pen and ink are the only necessary limitations; and whether it consists of two pages, or two hundred pages, or two hundred thousand pages, its essential character remains the same. Perhaps it is owing to this primary difficulty that Judge Parsons's compend is no more satisfactory or intelligible than the works which it summarizes. An argument, or a narrative, or a chain of reasoning, may be abridged, but phrase-making retains its original character even when the greater portion of the phrases has been left out. How, for instance, could elision transform such paragraphs as these into something with which the reason, in its normal condition, can deal?

"God is Infinite Love. It is of the essence of love to desire to give of its own to others; to give itself. This desire in God is infinite; and it is the moving cause of creation. It is a desire to give Himself in all possible ways and all possible degrees. Therefore, He creates the universe. He creates it by efflux from Himself; and He creates it such that it may continue to be, in the highest possible degree, receptive of influx from Himself. . . .

"God cannot but create. Because He has and He is Infinite Love; and the desire to give what one has and is, is of the essence of love: this desire He has infinitely. Therefore He cannot but create those whom He may love, and to whom He may give from Himself; and for that purpose He creates the universe. But is the created universe eternal?—or was there a time when He who is eternal, and must desire to create, did not create? This question is irrational, because it carries the idea and the measure of time where time does not belong. . . .

"Again, let us remember that God is Love; that it is of the essence of love to give itself; that because His love is infinite, His desire to give Himself must be infinite; and that this infinite desire must prompt Him to give Himself unreservedly. It is precisely this which He does. He gives to the universe to be itself; He gives to everything of the universe to be itself. He gives to man to be himself; He gives to him the power, or rather the necessity, to own his being, his life, his self-hood. And while God is All in All, there is no other Pantheism. In this way God makes the universe to be other than Him, even while it and every part of it depends upon His being for its being, perfectly, absolutely, and at every instant. It is other than Him because it is itself. It is itself because, while He gives being to it from Himself, He also gives to it to own the being that He gives—to own it as its own."

The difficulty with all this, of course, is not that it may not be true; it *may* be an exact, accurate, and adequate statement of the nature of God himself, and of his relations to the universe; but it is not only unverified, it is absolutely unverifiable. It presents a

series of propositions which a man may believe, just as he may believe that a chimera revolving in a vacuum is able to eat second intentions; but they are, by the very constitution of the human mind, incapable either of proof or of disproof. If we should insert a negative before every affirmative, the status of the propositions on logical or rational grounds would be precisely the same as now—they could be neither proved nor refuted.

We cheerfully concede that a body of doctrine capable of satisfying the spiritual needs and aspirations of such a man as Judge Parsons is entitled to careful consideration; but then we can only give our own opinion of what is offered to us, and we are constrained to say that Swedenborg's teachings, even as interpreted by so able a disciple, seem to us what *Manfred* calls

"The veriest words that ever fooled the ear
From out the schoolmen's jargon."

THE discussion about Walt Whitman has elicited from the *Tribune* a sort of Declaration of Independence on behalf of American criticism. It says, in a recent editorial: "Our American taste in literature may possibly be immature, but it is still healthy. We enjoy the realism of Judd's 'Margaret,' in spite of its fantastic style; we read with satisfaction the earliest, and still the best, of our comic writers, Lieutenant Derby ('John Phoenix'), whom the English do not seem to know at all; we recognize the genius of Bret Harte without waiting for their indorsement. The raptures they bestow upon Mark Twain have not damaged the pure ideal of humor which Lowell has given us. Whatever is distinctly American in our literature, provided it be *truly*, vigorously, and picturesquely embodied, is more welcome to us than it can possibly be to any others who use the same tongue. But, precisely in regard to such works, we claim the critical right of knowledge over ignorance. We applaud the effort of every earnest mind to express itself, without affectation, in those simple and stately forms which can never pall while health and wholesome fare remain the best needs of man. And, by the same principle, we refuse to encourage the skill which seeks to exalt itself by distorting the simple truth of Nature. Therefore we have responded rather too readily to the taste and critical judgment of England, because her voice seemed to us, if not that of posterity, at least that of an intelligent and impartial contemporary. There is now a point of divergence, the causes of which we have presented in outline; they might be illustrated much more widely. A few of our writers may still acknowledge the old authority, and endeavor to share in its present morbid craving for new and strong sensations; but by far the greater part will cling with independent faith to their own convictions. It is a case where they may justly claim, not equality, but superiority of intelligence; and their revocation of an English verdict carries with it the power to make their own accepted, now and henceforth."

OF Lord Houghton's poems, now published in a collected edition, the *Athenaeum* says neatly: "Lord Houghton's work is respectable throughout. Everything about it comes up to this standard. Respectability is ingrained. Whatever other gifts may be wanting, this gift is not. The scenes described are those it is respectable to have beheld, the reflections are those it is respectable to have known, the emotions aroused are eminently respectable; and the same may be said of the words and feelings that are selected as suitable to song. Add to this that the work-

manship is respectable, and what is at once the praise and condemnation of the whole is said. Our author would have gone nearer being a poet, had he sung more freely and spontaneously. He is a caged bird, and not a denizen of the greenwood. His song is no fresh and impetuous stream rushing along, making 'sweet music with the enameled stones,' and so straying 'by many winding nooks' to the ocean, but is a river *canalised* throughout its entire course. In place of the 'sweet neglect' which Ben Jonson lauds, his poetry has the 'adulteries of art' which Jonson condemns."

ALONG with the whitewashing of notorious historical characters, the pulling down and abasement of popular idols goes on, the latest victim being Marie Antoinette. The "most lamentable tragedy" of this woman's death, and the glowing panegyric of Burke, have tempted posterity to refuse credence to her traducers; but in a book recently published in Paris, M. Georges Avenel gives some outrageous details of the life of that giddy young creature and queen who loved her adopted country so little. The tale is cruel, but it is only an abstract of the correspondence of Maria Theresa with her faithful agent, Mercy d'Argenteau, and with Marie Antoinette herself.

In a suggestive article on "Lord Macaulay's Memory," the *Spectator* remarks that there is no more absurd notion than the notion that a vast memory implies a want of balance of mind, and probably an ill-ordered and poor understanding. "No one can read Macaulay's life without feeling that a great memory, so far from overbalancing an ordinary mind, supplies it with all kinds of new life, strengthens the judgment, quickens the imagination, and feeds with a hundred streamlets of rich and delightful association any sense of humor which the owner of that memory may boast."

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND (Hans Breitmann) is about to issue another of his philological drooleries. The mock language employed in the ballads will this time be the corrupted form of English spoken in China between the foreigners and the natives, known as "pigeon English." The volume will be called "Sing-Sing Pidgen English."

It is now definitely ascertained that the first volume of the "Life of Swift," which Mr. Forster published shortly before his death, is the only portion of his materials that he had embodied in narrative form, and that his work must consequently remain a fragment.

The Arts.

ABOUT two years ago the reigning musical sensation in Paris was a beautiful young Russian contralto, who, by the shrewd manipulation of that prince of *impresarii*, M. Maurice Strakosch, completely carried the town by storm. Banquets were given in her honor, the most aristocratic society opened its arms to her, newspapers bloomed with the most flowery adjectives in her praise, and, most important of all, the Théâtre des Italiens was thronged nightly. The enthusiasm of the Frenchmen vied with that of the Russian colony in pronouncing her a queen of contraltos, second only, if that, to Alboni. From Paris Mlle. de Belocca was taken to London, where she was recognized as a clever artist, though not with the same warmth of eulogy as in the French capital. The

Strakosch brothers have at last given us the opportunity to hear this new operatic goddess, but we fear the recognition of the young lady's talents will hardly reach the high estimate which seems to have been placed on them abroad. Other things being equal, of course it is hardly to be expected that a contralto voice will move the popular admiration to the same extent as a soprano, a fact easily understood. Still, there have been a few grand voices of this type, that rank with the greatest names in executive music.

We seriously doubt from a single hearing of Belocca whether she is destined to be one of these. The new singer has an organ of mezzo-soprano range and contralto quality, rather thin in its upper notes, but singularly rich and bell-like in its legitimate register; or, to put the fact more precisely, with the capacity of very full and beautiful tones, for Mdle. Belocca (perhaps from the nervousness of a first appearance) was quite uneven in her delivery of the same notes. At times she just missed being supremely good, and stamping herself as one with the making if not the actuality of a great artist. This was notably evident in the "music lesson" in which she sang Gounod's "Serenade," and the *brindisi* from "Lucrezia Borgia," with charming effect. In the great test-aria, "Una Voce," she clearly displayed the beauty of her vocal school, and demonstrated her ability to sing the Rossini music, whose roudades nowadays rarely have a competent delivery. This of itself is a boon to contemporary opera-goers, for the Rossini operas are rarely given for the reason that so few can sing them as the composer himself designed. The opera of "The Barber" was written for a contralto voice, and in Belocca we have one who fills the requirements very competently. In nearly every case hitherto the music has been transposed for soprano voices, with the effect of partially injuring the beauty of the work, in which *Rosina* fills so overshadowing a part. Among those singers who have sung in this opera in times past have been Bosio, Sontag, Alboni, Lagrange, Adelina Patti, Gassier, and Parepa-Rosa. It is not more than just to say that Belocca compares not unfavorably with any of these except Bosio, Alboni, and Sontag; not perhaps that she is entitled to be considered the highly-equipped artist, but because the music of *Rosina* fits her voice and vocal school to a charm.

In the singing of the recitatives, the highest measure of excellence in the lyric art, Belocca proved herself less satisfactory than in her delivery of the arias, with which the opera is so richly studded. As an actress the new prima donna is very good, being easy and unaffected, with a fine feeling for comedy. We have rarely seen better acting on the lyric stage, and such talent would redeem a far lower style of musical accomplishment. With a very comely and attractive person, decided ability as an actress, and a really good voice thoroughly cultured, we see no reason why Belocca should not be pronounced a decided success in her art, though we should hesitate long in pronouncing her great. She will have opportunities of earning a right to this much-

abused word in future representations and a somewhat varied *répertoire*. In these modern days of puffery and extravagance, however, when every feminine experiment in art is attended with so much preliminary praise, it is pleasant to find one who deserves the most which has been said about her. She has but few faults of school, apparently, and a delicious if not a grand voice. With these and the other gifts we have mentioned, there seems everything in her favor to insure a bright future.

The audience of the first night at the Academy was a very good one, and the young Russian was well, even warmly, received—a tribute well deserved, aside from that margin of good-nature inseparable from the close of Lent, and the general investiture with spring-suits. It is a pity that the management has not organized a better company to support Belocca, but perhaps this is hardly to be expected in a late-spring season. If the troupe at large were as good as the efficient direction of Mr. Max Maretzek at the head of the orchestra, there would be but little left to be desired. After another hearing of Mdle. Belocca, we shall have a few words further to say on the merits of this lady.

THE art-schools of the Cooper Institute are about finishing the session for 1875-'76. The increase of interest with which such schools as these are regarded by the public is manifested by the great excess in the number of applicants over those who are able to be admitted. The "Woman's Art School" has numbered, during the past winter, about three hundred members at all times, including the drawing, the photographic, and the engraving classes; there have also been present nearly sixty persons in the normal teachers' class; and the paying afternoon class for women, and a class for teaching decoration in oil-colors, have also formed features of this school. During the last four years the number of persons seeking instruction in art has so increased that, while four years ago the full number of pupils was scarcely reached till the Christmas holidays, before the roth of March this year nearly two hundred persons had registered their names to enter next autumn, and a hundred more at the present time are awaiting possible vacancies.

The change of programme in the Academy School has thrown back upon the Cooper Institute a large number of pupils who hitherto have gone to the Academy, and the need of a higher artistic education has been partially supplied by the Institute in the furnishing of models, from which the advanced pupils study portraiture, and facilities for instruction are also given them by a full course of lectures on art-subjects. Mr. Goodyear, during the entire season, has lectured here once a week on the history and practice of household decoration, and on the history and characteristics of Italian painting; lectures on anatomy, fully illustrated, have also been given, and also lectures on perspective.

This school, we believe, has never comprised so many branches as now, and these are all of a practical character except the afternoon drawing-class, which is amateur. From the drawing, the photographic, the normal, the decorative, and the engraving classes come many persons who make a good living from the instruction they receive at the Cooper Institute, and the aggregate of money earned by pupils still in the school footed up to several thousand dollars during the past year.

The endeavor is earnestly made that the instruction shall constantly become more thorough,

and pupils who formerly ceased from study as soon as their knowledge enabled them to get a living now earnestly pursue their studies, seeking to perfect themselves in the nicer grades of their work long after it is practically sufficient for their needs.

In a history of the South Kensington Museum, published last autumn in *Harper's*, fault was found with the "Woman's Art School" of the Cooper Institute, that the study was too much mixed with money-making aims. As the first object of the Institute is to be practically useful to men and women, the idea of giving a paying profession must always form the base of its operations. But any person interested in the advance of civilization who visits this school must be pleased to see the progress of its scholars year by year in the intelligent knowledge and practice of elementary art. Content to work half the time to enable them to live, they very generally spend the remaining portion of their day in learning more carefully the values of light and shade, the meaning of line, and in the decorative painting class the mysteries of color, and in the normal class the science of teaching. A more earnest or energetic set of women we do not believe exists in the United States, nor one whose aims are nobler, not only to be able to maintain themselves, but to become more capable and intelligent members of society. Books freely circulate among them on the analyses and practices of the arts, and the South Kensington manuals, lives of the different painters, and lectures and essays by them, continuously stimulate these women, who come from nearly every State in the Union, to higher aims and continuous effort, an effort which every teacher in the school vigorously seeks to maintain and develop.

SEVERAL of the pictures designed for the Royal Exhibition, in May, are described by the *Academy*. Mr. Leighton will send one of the most considerable works yet produced by the English school, entitled "The Daphnephoria," or festival in honor of Apollo, celebrated at Thebes in every ninth year. The mode of celebration is minutely described by Proclus, and has been faithfully realized by the painter. It was the custom on these occasions to adorn a piece of olive-wood with garlands of laurel and various flowers, and to place on the top of it a brazen globe with smaller globes suspended, symbolizing in this manner the sun, and moon, and stars. In Mr. Leighton's picture the procession, headed by the chosen young noble who acts as the high-priest of Apollo, winds along in the full ecstasy of choral song under a dark grove of cork and pine and olive trees. After the priest follows the company of noble and lovely maidens, singing and full of the afflatus of the god, while by the side are the by-standers watching the procession as it passes on to the temple.

Mr. Alma-Tadema will send a finely-finished picture of antique manners, which will bear the title of "An Audience at Agrippa's." The minister is descending a flight of marble steps down to where a group of suitors await his coming. In the hall above, the bright sunlight, finely diffused, illumines the rich costumes of the throng of followers, and this passage of brilliant color is contrasted with the cool tones of the marble on the steps and the wall of the palace, and the more delicate tints of the dresses of the suitors in the foreground. To the right, within the entrance, are the scribes standing with obsequious gesture in readiness to receive their master; and on a pedestal on the outside of it is a colossal statue of the emperor, suggested by the statue of Hadrian in the British Museum.

Mr. George Boughton's principal contribution will be a picture entitled "A Surrey Idyl." It presents a sketch of beautiful English land-

scape, almost in twilight, with a bank of trees traversing the entire length of the design, and a little rivulet coursing along the meadow in the foreground. On the grass, by the side of the brook, some gleaners have been resting after their labors, and now one of them is being helped across the water by the hand of a young shepherd, who has been tending a flock of sheep now wandering up the meadow. In the sky above the rank of trees the young moon is just rising into the dappled sky, while the last gleams of sunlight illumine the group of figures and meet without penetrating the shadows that gather beneath the trees.

THE new comedy entitled "The Twins," recently produced at Wallack's Theatre, inclines us to the belief that it is of no use to hope for an American drama. When men in long critical association with the stage, who have for years studied the construction of the best modern plays, and acquired a recognized skill in detecting their weaknesses—when men with this especial experience show, when they attempt to write a play, all the crudeness of construction, the feebleness in characterization, the lack of skill in manipulating incidents, which have persistently marked the efforts of playwrights in this country, little hope remains that it is practicable to found a true American drama. "The Twins" was written by one of the best informed of our critics, assisted by one who has made the stage, and all that pertains to it, a study. It was not a success. It is crude and raw; it is vulgar in tone, as it seems all American plays must be; and it is largely made up of borrowed shreds and patches, after the time-honored example of American playwrights. There really would appear to be some defect in our national genius by which a good American play is rendered unattainable. We try in many ways and through many minds; we discuss the theme everywhere, and lay down endless theories. Our failures are sometimes attributed to the baldness of our national life—to the local deficiency of tone and atmosphere. Sometimes the managers are held to be the cause; public indifference is frequently charged with the responsibility; but it seems to us clear that the defect is a radical one. It is in our training, our instincts, the bent of our national genius; it is not because our life is inadequate to dramatic purposes, inasmuch as our dramatists succeed no better with foreign themes than they do with American ones. It is apparently certain that we as a people have not the clear dramatic perceptions, the *finesse*, necessary for play-writing.

From Abroad.

PARIS, April 4, 1876.

TO visit the Hôtel Drouot on the exhibition-day preceding one of the great sales is an extremely interesting experience. Dingy, cramped, ill ventilated, and shabby though the building be, notoriously insufficient for the purpose for which it is used, and far from commodious enough to fulfill the needs of the gigantic monopoly of which it is the theatre, it is scarcely possible to visit it on such an occasion without becoming thoroughly charmed and interested. And a day or two ago the occasion was a specially attractive one, two important sales being about to take place, namely, that of the furniture, tapestry, porcelain, etc., of the Château de Vaux-Praslin, and that of the collection of paintings belonging to the late M. Schneider.

The spoils of Vaux-Praslin filled two large rooms, in one of which the tapestries, tapestry-covered furniture, and other large articles were set forth for display, and in the other the porce-

lain and minor valuables were arranged. The furniture was very varied in character and in epoch, only one set being contemporary with Fouquet, the great founder of the château. It comprised two sofas and six large chairs covered with tapestry, the pattern groups of gigantic poppies of various hues, with their foliage on a pale, bluish-green background. Contrary to the usual style of Louis XIV. furniture, there was no carving about the woodwork of this set, the coverings of which were very delicate and artistic in tone. There was a set of drawing-room furniture of the Louis XV. period, the frames gilded, the covering tapestry with groups of figures much richer and warmer in tint than the preceding set, yet with all the colors beautifully softened and blended by the hand of Time. The draperies of the personages in particular, some of them in warm scarlet or royal purple, were very fine in color. There was a second drawing-room set exhibited of the Louis XVI. epoch, showing the approach of the stiffness and lack of grace that characterize the furniture of the first Revolution and the Empire. The frames were in white and gold, slightly carved in a leafy pattern in relief, and the tapestry coverings were in small set wreaths of flowers on white and pale-green backgrounds. The state bedstead was of the same period, but in very bad condition, its gorgeous silk linings hanging in tatters. It was in gilt metal, with a high-arched canopy. The tapestries were extremely fine, particularly one piece representing a Triumph of Venus evidently. A bevy of Cupids held up behind the goddess a mass of rose-pink drapery most lovely in tone. The tints of the whole piece were extremely soft and delicate. It bore at the top an escutcheon bearing the arms of France quartered with another coat and surmounted with the royal crown. The bronzes were of ordinary quality, so far as the statuettes and other ornamental pieces were concerned, though several of them dated evidently from the days of Fouquet. There were a number of antique clocks exhibited, some of them of particularly quaint and curious design, such as one shaped like a lyre with the clock-face in the body of the instrument. There were two lovely Louis XV. bureaux in white and gold, decorated with richly-gilt mouldings, and another in the finest marquetry, with the handles to the drawers surrounded with wreaths of gilt flowers. Two bronze Cupids, riding on dolphins, of life-size, and blowing conch-shells, had evidently belonged to some one of the celebrated fountains. I paused before them, and tried to fancy La Vallière pensively watching the sparkling showers flung from those shells now so dry and hollow. There were minor articles without end—a pair of andirons with gilded sphinxes crouching on their ends, a Dresden-china inkstand all overrun with marvelous blue flowers, gilded chairs, and chairs covered with tapestry, and with antique brocade, glittering with interwoven threads of purest gold; there were Chinese vases and Dresden tea-services, and cups of delicatest Sèvres; the quaint, artistic, wonderful products of the years when machinery-wrought furniture and acid-bitten glass were unknown, and when the art-element reigned supreme in all costly household wares.

The Schneider collection of pictures occupied one long gallery at the end of the Hôtel Drouot, the same in which the Fortuny collection had been exhibited. It is not a very extensive one, comprising only some thirty or forty pictures, but they are all undoubted originals by the old masters, and are very choice specimens. The solitary Hobbema is considered finer than any work by that master in the gallery of the Louvre. There are two Rembrandts, a pair of full-length, life-sized portraits of an old burgher and his wife, both in black gowns; the head of the old

lady under the shadows of her broad black hat is wonderfully painted, but neither picture is considered equal to the De Morny Rembrandt, purchased by Mr. Wilson a few weeks ago, for which over thirty thousand dollars was paid. Then there are two Spanish portraits by Velasquez, both *replicas* of works in the Louvre, a Virgin by Murillo, a Holy Family by Rubens, a Teniers, two Snyders, a charming little interior by Metsu, two or three Van Ostades, and two saints (St. John and St. Paul) by John de Maubuse, these last remarkable for the strength and sincerity wherewith the figures are painted, and the remarkable finish of the execution. These two last will probably be purchased for the Louvre. Among the landscapes is a remarkably-fine one by Cuyp. I longed intensely to secure some few of these rare treasures for the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York. They will probably bring fabulous prices, as public curiosity has been greatly excited respecting the sale.

It is rather a melancholy process to witness at the Hôtel Drouot one of the frequently-recurring "sales after decease," as, according to French law, all the effects of a dead person must be sold unless they have been made the subject of a special bequest. Everything goes into the lot—dresses, under-garments, shawls, laces, trinkets—and to see the well-worn wardrobe of some quiet old lady thus exposed to view, her battered, old-fashioned little ornaments, the thick, heavy watch, with its fragile gold chain, the bent-down eye-glass, the sleeve-buttons inscribed with the wearer's initials, and with the enamel chipped and drilled with constant wear; nay, even the little household relics, the antique locket with its ring of dry hair, the miniature in its tarnished case, the house-mother's worn gold thimble, the old-fashioned coral necklace, treasured perhaps for the sake of some dead baby-darling—all this is strangely sad and pathetic to behold. It does not need the imagination of a Dickens or a Thackeray to reconstruct from these poor relics the image of a shattered home.

The contest at the Academy for the post of Perpetual Secretary, left vacant by the decease of the late M. Patin, was hot and heavy, but it resulted finally in a very acceptable choice, M. Camille Doucet, who is universally popular, being the successful candidate. Oddly enough, his opponent was named Camille Rousset, and the competition was nicknamed in consequence the War of the Camilles. M. Doucet, who is a dramatist of some eminence, is said to be peculiarly fitted for his post, as he is genial, agreeable, and fond of entertaining—a mission that falls peculiarly within the province of the secretary; moreover, he is no novice as regards the duties of the position, having filled it temporarily during a period when M. Patin was disabled by illness. And, *à propos* of the Academy, the *Gazette Anecdotique* has published a very amusing letter from the pen of the late Madame Louise Colet, referring to the reception of Père Lacordaire by that august lady, at which the empress was present. She says:

"The coming of the empress had completely upset the ideas of the Academicians. It was the first time that she had ever visited that institution, so little favorable to the Empire. How should she be received? There were, I know not how many, preparatory conferences in view of this serious question of etiquette. The most piquant part of the affair was that M. Guizot, as director, was obliged to go to the door to receive the 'august visitor,' as the *Moniteur* called her. Picture to yourself the ex-minister of Louis Philippe, the soul and the head of the Orleans faction at the Academy, obliged to bow before the wife of 'the usurper.' It appears that they were both greatly embarrassed; the empress was wholly disconcerted, though her part had been carefully taught her beforehand, while M.

Guizot, apparently grave and impressive, was behind this mask of icy majesty decidedly agitated and impressed. He told her that the Academy was much honored by her visit, and other commonplace of the same nature, to which she replied with a few words that were equally destitute of point. In fact, she was much preoccupied concerning the skirt of her dress, which had caught on a nail in the ill-fastened carpet—an incident which came near compromising the serious aspect of the ceremony. Those present looked at each other, but without laughing, though in reality the affair was not a little grotesque. M. Guizot and the Empress Eugénie arm-in-arm! What a picture!

"At the end of the two speeches of reception by MM. Guizot and Lacordaire, the *cortège* was again formed. It was then that the empress made the little speech that has been so much talked of and so often modified. It appears that it was known beforehand that M. Guizot would have more success than Lacordaire—or that the emperor preferred to compliment the ex-minister rather than the Dominican. 'If I have lost an illusion, monsieur,' said the empress, addressing herself to M. Guizot, 'I have also lost a prejudice. I shall never forget this eloquent day!' She seemed frightfully ill at ease while reciting her lesson, and he, taken unawares, could only stammer some complimentary phrases which nobody heard."

The anxiously-awaited decisions of the jury of the Salon have not yet been made known, but hints as to the fate of certain pictures leak out from time to time to the intense aggravation of the waiting candidates. It was probably one of the refused who the other day got up a singular and foolish demonstration on his own account. He undertook to promenade up and down in front of the Palais de l'Industrie, bearing an enormous placard on which was inscribed in gigantic letters: "The members of the jury are asses, asses, asses!" Such a forcible and public expression of opinion, even on the part of one of the disappointed, was not to be tolerated, so the police swooped down upon the placard-bearer and conveyed him instantly to the station-house. The new school of artists, called the Impressionists, have opened an exhibition of their own on the Rue Lepeletier at the rooms of Durand Ruel, the picture-dealer. I have not yet been to see it, but I am told that the paintings exhibited are intensely absurd. In fact, the *Evénement* offers a life-subscription to any one who, without looking at the catalogue, can guess what the subject of a work by M. Pissarro really is, as it presents to the observer's eye nothing but a conglomeration of splotches. Another painting, a landscape, rejoices in purple trees and a yellow sky. M. Monet, a celebrated leader among these art-rebels, sends a picture of a Japanese carrying a tricolored fan, and surrounded by screens that miraculously hover in the air.

Among the literary novelties of the day may be cited Edgar A. Poe's story of the "Gold Bug," translated and published for the benefit of those mythical beings, the *jeunes personnes* of France, who never get a chance of reading the literature of their own country. Alphonse Doudet's novel of "Jack" has already reached its sixth edition, though it is an expensive book, being in two thick volumes. Zola's novel, entitled "Son Excellence M. Eugène Rouyon," which title but thinly disguises the real name of his hero, M. Eugène Rouher, is attracting much attention. His portraits of the emperor, the empress, and other prominent personages at the imperial court, are drawn with force and without exaggeration. Berthet's last novel, "La Famille Savigny," is unworthy of his usually pure and polished pen, being painful and immoral in incident, and indelicate in tone. An important art-work is shortly to be issued in the shape of a complete inventory of the art-treasures of France, compiled by the direction of the Administration des Beaux Arts. Few art-lovers are ignorant of the fact that provincial France contains a mass

of art-riches of every kind: pictures ancient and modern; porcelains, bronzes, statuary, monuments, some hidden in dusky cathedrals, others buried in scarcely-visited museums or libraries, others, still, adorning official buildings. This work will reveal the existence and the whereabouts of most of these unknown treasures. It is a pity that the projected exhibition of the provincial art-treasures of France last year came to naught, owing to the stupidity or lack of patriotism of the provincial authorities, who refused to lend aid or countenance to the scheme, though the proceeds of the exhibition were to have been applied to the improvement of the art-schools of the provinces. This forthcoming work will probably add to our regret by letting us know what we might have seen had prefects and mayors proved less stubborn and more patriotic.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science.

BISHOP'S CHANNEL TUBE.

ALTHOUGH the engineers and capitalists of the Channel Tunnel scheme have already manifested their faith by their works, and hence have begun the preliminary borings, there are still to be found those who favor the plan of a sunken tube, through which the road may pass. In the JOURNAL for January 15th we presented an illustrated description of the tunnel project, with a general reference to the route and plan of construction, and it is now proposed briefly to consider a rival scheme, known as the Bishop Channel Tube.

From the account before us it does not appear that this latter project has enlisted in its favor the sympathy of any distinguished engineers, either in England or France. It has, however, an earnest advocate in Mr. Perry F. Nursey, to whose recent paper on Channel railways, as read before the British Society of Engineers, we are indebted for the main facts and figures regarding it.

The scheme we are about to describe was first advocated by Mr. Paul J. Bishop in the year 1870, and, without passing judgment as to its practicability, a description can but be of interest, if indicating nothing



Fig. 1.

more than the daring ingenuity of modern engineers. As described by Mr. Nursey, Mr. Bishop's method of connecting the railway systems of France and England consists in having two distinct tubes of cast-iron, which are to be laid in a parallel course in the bed of the Channel, each tube being laid

with a single line of rails. The route chosen is between Dover and Cape Gris-Nez, a distance of twenty-one and three-quarter miles. The form of these tubes is best illustrated by reference to Fig. 1.

They will be elliptical in section, four inches in thickness and cast in lengths of five

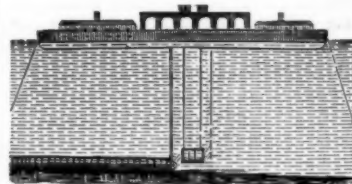


Fig. 2.

feet, and will be bolted together internally by flanges twelve inches deep, cast on the ends of each length. These sections will be lined with brickwork twelve inches in thickness, held in place by an interior lining of five-eighth-inch boiler-iron, thus rendering the interior surface flush throughout the whole length—so constructed, it is claimed, that the tube may be used on the pneumatic plan if desired. The outer dimensions of this great elliptical tube will be seventeen feet eight inches in the major, and fourteen feet eight inches in the minor axis of the ellipse, and the inner fifteen feet by twelve, respectively.

As the main problem, however, relates to the successful lowering or placing of these tubes, and the subsequent joining of them, we again refer to an illustration, Fig. 2, as an aid toward a more clear conception of the plan proposed by the inventor for accomplishing this difficult task. Before lowering it is proposed to bolt five sections together, thus forming lengths of twenty-five feet. These sections will then be conveyed on floats to an immense pontoon that is anchored above the spot to which the tube is to be lowered. This pontoon will be four hundred feet long by one hundred wide, and will have an opening in the centre one hundred by twenty-five feet, through which the lengths will be lowered. Each end of the twenty-five-foot lengths will be fitted with a movable wrought-iron bulkhead, and the weight of each section will be somewhat in excess of the weight of water it will displace, so that it will remain on the bed of the Channel. The operation of lowering these lengths is thus described:

"Assuming a length to have been lowered and fixed in position in connection with the shore-works, a twenty-five-foot length will be lowered directly in advance of it by means of slings and chains, as seen at Fig. 2, which shows a length of tube being lowered. The slings will be bolted to the tube from the inside, and after the tube has been connected with the preceding length the bolts are partially withdrawn and the slings hauled up. The bolts are then screwed up again, the ends being left to project beyond the outside of the tube. The slings on the seaward end of the length of the tube assumed to have been laid are pro-

vided with pulleys, under which are passed a set of hauling-chains, the ends of which are attached to the slings on the shoreward end of the tube being lowered. As soon as the latter reaches the level of the tube which has been laid, it is drawn toward it by the hauling-chains, which are operated from the pontoon."

It is not needed to enter into a detailed description of the ingenious methods by which it is proposed to exclude the sea until the joints are made fast; nor of the appliances by which the workmen will be placed in direct electrical communication with the shore and the pontoon.

In answer to the objection that the iron of the exterior tube would soon rust away, the inventor quotes Lieutenant Maury, who, in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," advocates the theory that the corrosive power of sea-water rests in the upper strata mainly, that below being neutral, and hence inactive. As an extra precaution it is proposed, however, to cover the exterior tube with a thick coating of paint.

Granting that the engineering difficulties are all surmounted—which seems as yet doubtful—there still remains a financial one, which all the advocates of these schemes have to meet alike. Without going into the general discussion as to possible profits, etc., we will be content to present the first "bill of costs," which for a double line of tubes stands as follows:

1,503,600 cast-iron tubes, tapped and fitted ready for fixing in place, delivered f. o. b. in the Thames, at £7.....	£10,525,300
125,540 wrought-iron linings, bent, punched, and fitted ready for fixing, bolts and screws for fixing same, and screws for fixing together the lengths of tube, delivered f. o. b. in the Thames, at £15.....	1,878,600
1,628,840 of iron-work in the above items, including India-rubber and iron-cement for joints, painting and all incidental items, including pontoons and tenders, and all machinery required, screw-piles for anchoring tubes, bulk-heads, slings, chains, permanent way, etc., at £5.....	8,144,300
Brickwork lining.....	300,000
Contingencies, two per cent.....	400,000
Engineering, surveys, etc., two and a half per cent. on £20,000,000.....	500,000
	£21,748,000

We doubt not there will elapse a sufficient time before the adoption of this plan for a full consideration of its practical value, even if successful; hence, in placing the details on record, it is done, as we have already intimated, more with a view to indicate the daring and boldness of modern engineering schemes than with the idea that the one here described will ever be adopted or put in execution.

In the *American Naturalist* for April appears a brief but interesting paper on "Jumping Seeds and Galls," which presents the results of Mr. C. V. Riley's investigations in this field of research. We condense as follows: The Mexican jumping-seed, but for this observer's disclosures, might well have been credited with inherent locomotive powers. These seeds measure about one-third of an inch in length, and have two flat sides meeting at an obtuse angle, and a third, broader, convex side. When in the ac-

tive state, these seeds will not only rock from one side to the other, but at times bound forward a quarter of an inch or more. Having observed the phenomena, it is not surprising that the naturalists should have deemed it well worth attentive study. As the case stands in its simple recital, this activity seems little less than miraculous, and yet, like the trick of the wizard, it can be all made clear as day provided we are admitted behind the scenes. An entrance to this forbidden ground was effected by Mr. Riley, who, on opening one of these restless seeds, discovered concealed within it a single fat, whitish worm, which had eaten all the contents of the seed, and lined the shell with a delicate carpet of silk. The work of investigation was not, however, completed on the discovery of a possible "motive power." It remained yet to be demonstrated how this power was so applied as to accomplish the result above noticed. The communication to which we have referred alludes to Mr. Riley's observations and conclusions as follows: "The egg of the moth is doubtless laid on the young pod which contains the three angular seeds, and the worm gnaws into the succulent seed, which in after-growth closes up the minute hole of entrance, just as in the case of the common pea-weevil. Toward the month of February the larva eats a circular hole through the hard shell of its habitation, and then closes it again with a little plug of silk so admirably adjusted that the future moth, which will have no jaws to cut with, may escape from its prison. A slight cocoon is then spun within the seed, with a passage-way leading to the circular door; and the hitherto restless larva assumes the quiescent pupa state. Shortly afterward the pupa works to the door, pushes it open, and the little moth escapes. When ripe, the shell is very light, and, as the worm occupies but about one-sixth the inclosed space, the slightest motion will cause the seed to rock from one of the flat sides to the other. But the seed is often made to jerk and jump, and, though this has been denied by many authors, Mr. Riley had had abundant proof of the fact, and had seen the seed jerked several lines forward at a bound, and raised a line or more from the surface on which it rested. If the seed be cut, the worm will soon cover up the hole with a transparent membrane of silk; and if two of the opposite angles be cut, the movements of the worm can then be seen, if the seed be held against the light. It thus becomes evident that the jerking motion is conveyed by the worm holding fast to the silken lining by its anal and four hind abdominal prolegs, which have very strong hooks, and then drawing back the head and fore-body and tapping the wall of its cell with the head, sometimes thrown from side to side, but more often brought directly down, as in the motion of a woodpecker's head when tapping for insects. In drawing back the fore-body the thoracic part swells, and the horny thoracic legs are withdrawn, so as to assist the jaws in receiving the shock of the tap, which is very vigorous, and often given at the rate of two a second, and for twenty or more times without interruption. It is remarkable that this, of all the numerous seed-inhabiting lepidopterous larvae, should possess so curious a habit. The seed will move for several months, because, as with most tortricidous larvae, this one remains a long time in the larva state after coming to its growth, and before pupating."

In thus noticing at more than usual length the record of special observation, we take occasion to commend to the reader not only the results as here rendered, but the zeal and wisdom of the observer. Though prompted, in view of clearly-expressed opinions, to deprecate the interference in or patronage of scientific or any special service by the State, we may yet congratulate the

State of Missouri in having secured the services of such a zealous and skilled observer as State entomologist. Mr. Riley has certainly added much to the store of general knowledge, while the tendency of all his efforts appears to have been in a direction likely to result in the securing of valuable practical information.

An interesting contribution to a discussion already fully reviewed in these columns has been made by Dr. Lewald, who has been studying the elimination of medicinal substances by the milk of the nurse, and its bearing on the treatment of infants at the breast. We have recently directed attention to the injurious effects of sewage-grass as a food for milch-cows, and also shown how certain vegetable poisons may find their way into the milk of goats feeding on the living herb. The experiments of Dr. Lewald appear to have been conducted on the same general plan as those already noticed, though more varied in character. The she-goat was chosen, and the results of a series of experiments may be given as follows: More iron may be administered to the nursing through the milk of the mother than by any other means. Iodine does not appear in the milk till ninety-six hours after ingestion. Iodide of potassium, administered to the mother at the rate of two and five-tenths grains a day, appeared in the milk four days after ingestion, and was still present eleven days after. Arsenic appeared after seventeen hours, continuing for sixty hours. Oxide of zinc, antimony, and sulphate of quinine were also eliminated, though it remains a question whether alcohol and narcotics make their appearance in the mother's milk.

DR. J. B. DAVIS, in a recent paper on the osteology and peculiarities of the Tasmanians, records many interesting facts and queries regarding that now extinct race. Though Tasmania is but about three hundred miles distant from Australia, there appears to have existed no communication between the races. Though their brains were larger than those of the Australians, they yet were inferior in the choice and use of warlike weapons, knowing nothing of either the boomerang or shield. All the evidence now at hand places the Tasmanians among the most isolated of all human races, and they have been one of the earliest to perish by coming in contact with Europeans. When the European first visited their land, the natives numbered about five thousand souls, and the last one of the race died in the year 1875.

Miscellanea.

FROM "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" we select the following description of his father's family when Macaulay was in London studying for the bar:

The fun that went on in Great Ormond Street was of a jovial, and sometimes uproarious, description. Even when the family was by itself, the schoolroom and the drawing-room were full of young people; and friends and cousins flocked in numbers to a resort where so much merriment was perpetually on foot. There were seasons during the school-holidays when the house overflowed with noise and frolic from morning to night; and Macaulay, who at any period of his life could literally spend whole days in playing with children, was master of the innocent revels. Games of hide and seek, that lasted for hours, with shouting and the blowing of horns up and down the stairs and through every room, were varied by ballads, which, like the Scalds of old, he composed during the act of

recitation, while the others struck in with the chorus. He had no notion whatever of music, but an infallible ear for rhythm. His knack of improvisation he at all times exercised freely. The verses which he thus produced, and which he invariably attributed to an anonymous author whom he styled "The Judicious Poet," were exclusively for home consumption. . . . He did not play upon words as a habit, nor did he interlard his talk with far-fetched or overstrained witticisms. His humor, like his rhetoric, was full of force and substance, and arose naturally from the complexion of the conversation or the circumstance of the moment. But when alone with his sisters, and in after-years with his nieces, he was fond of setting himself deliberately to manufacture conceits resembling those on the heroes of the Trojan War which have been thought worthy of publication in the collected works of Swift. When walking in London he would undertake to give some droll turn to the name of every shopkeeper in the street, and, when traveling, to the name of every station along the line. At home he would run through the countries of Europe, the States of the Union, the chief cities of our Indian Empire, the provinces of France, the prime-ministers of England, or the chief writers and artists of any given century; striking off puns, admirable, enduring, and execrable, but all irresistibly laughable, which followed each other in showers like sparks from flint. Capping verses was a game of which he never tired. "In the spring of 1839," says his cousin, Mrs. Conybeare, "we were staying in Ormond Street. My chief recollection of your uncle during that visit is on the evenings when we capped verses. All the family were quick at it, but his astounding memory made him supereminant. When the time came for him to be off to bed at his chambers he would rush out of the room after uttering some long-sought line, and would be pursued to the top of the stairs by one of the others who had contrived to recall a verse which served the purpose, in order that he might not leave the house victorious; but he, with the hall-door open in his hand, would shriek back a crowning effort and go off triumphant."

The subjoined is from the journal of Macaulay's sister Margaret, which forms one of the most entertaining portions of the volume:

Tom has just left me, after a very interesting conversation. He spoke of his extreme idleness. He said: "I never knew such an idle man as I am. When I go in to Empson or Ellis their tables are always covered with books and papers. I cannot stick at anything for above a day or two. I mustered industry enough to teach myself Italian. I wish to speak Spanish. I know I could master the difficulties in a week, and read any book in the language at the end of a month, but I have not the courage to attempt it. If there had not been really something in me, idleness would have ruined me."

I said that I was surprised at the great accuracy of his information, considering how desultory his reading had been. "My accuracy as to facts," he said, "I owe to a cause which many men would not confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is in my mind soon constructed into a romance." He then went on to describe the way in which from his childhood his imagination had been filled by the study of history. "With a person of my turn," he said, "the minute touches are of as great interest as, and perhaps greater than, the most important events. Spending so much time as I do in solitude, my mind would have rusted by gazing vacantly at the shop-windows. As it is, I am no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in

Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution. Precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born or died, becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance. Pepys's 'Diary' formed almost inexhaustible food for my fancy. I seem to know every inch of Whitehall. I go in at Hans Holbein's gate, and come out through the matted gallery. The conversations which I compose between great people of the time are long, and sufficiently animated; in the style, if not with the merits, of Sir Walter Scott's. The old parts of London, which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river, have all played their part in my stories." He spoke, too, of the manner in which he used to wander about Paris, weaving tales of the Revolution, and he thought that he owed his command of language greatly to this habit.

In an article entitled "Russian Idyls" (*Contemporary Review*), Mr. Ralston gives a pleasant summary of a poem called "Peasant Children," by the Russian poet Nekrasov:

In a genial tone is written the piece called "Peasant Children." Very pleasant are its pictures of Russian child-life. Early on a fine summer's morning we see the youngsters scampering off to the woods to look for mushrooms, parting the leaves, circling the stumps, starting at times at the sight of a snake. Coming back, they find the village full of pilgrims on their way to the monasteries. Under the thick old village elms sit the tired travelers. The children gather round and listen to stories "about Kief, about the Turk, about wondrous beasts." Presently away run the children from the burning heat to bathe in the river, which winds among the meadows like a blue ribbon. The little, flaxen-haired heads float down the stream "like pale mushrooms in a forest-glade." The banks resound with the shouting and the laughter accompanying their play and mimic fights. Racing home to dinner they catch sight of a wolf. "Such a monster!" A hare gallops by them with eyes asquint; they find a hedgehog and offer it flies and milk. When the fruits are ripe in the woods away they go to gather strawberries, raspberries, currants, and blackberries, returning with faces stained with juice, and proud of having caught an old woodcock with a broken wing. When play-time is over, Vanya begins to work. He sees his father plough and sow. He watches the corn as it grows and ripens. He sees the grain

threshed out and ground, and the flour baked. He eats of the new bread and rejoices; he goes out to help in the fields, and rides back to the village as happy as a king. One day, the poet tells us, during a hard frost, he met a child who was bringing home a sledge-load of wood from the forest—a tiny boy in big boots, big gloves, and ample sheepskin, who led his horse with an air of official dignity. Far off in the forest was heard the ringing axe of the wood-cutter, his father. "Has your father a large family?" cried the poet. "Very large," was the reply of the child, who proceeded to say, "And there are only two men in it—my father and I." "And how old are you?" "Just six.—Now, then, stupid!" added the urchin, addressing his horse in a gruff voice, and with a tug at the bridle strode rapidly away. "The sun shone so brightly on this picture," continues the poet, "the boy was so absurdly small, that he looked as if he were cut out of pasteboard, as if I had lighted upon a toy-theatre. But the boy was a real live boy, and the horse, and the sledge, and the load of brushwood, and the drifted snow, and the cold light of the wintry sun—all was thoroughly Russian."

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